

# The Academy and Literature

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## Notes

**T**HERE appeared on December 9 in "The Standard" a stimulating article on "Balzac, the Man and the Novelist," by Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), from which I quote two salient passages:

"He was not a supreme artist, and there is a great deal of justice in Sainte-Beuve's bitter epigram to the effect that Balzac was 'too big for the arm-chairs of the French Academy.' He was too 'big' for art. His interests and sympathies and studies carried him everywhere; he wished to learn the motives, and grounds, and causes for the actions of men. He was as little able to produce a work of technical perfection in the manner of De Maupassant as a diamond mine could, by some magic of nature, evolve such an exquisite example of the stone-setter's craft as can be purchased in the Rue de la Paix."

This lack of technical perfection, this indifference to the more exclusive æsthetic phases of literature, is peculiarly characteristic of one like Balzac infected to the core with the bourgeois taint, while De Maupassant would look upon his characters as but the raw material on which the finished instrument of his style was to do its work. Balzac used his style rather as a gigantic lever, by means of which his characters and their lives were to be brought into view.

"In his romances Balzac had many manners. He was influenced by Sir Walter Scott, by Byron, by Victor Hugo—in fact, by all the literary fashions of his generation. But his own spiritual attitude toward the world remained unalterable. His stories, in their style, are now melodramatic, now idyllic, now metaphysical; now historical, Rabelaisian or fantastic; now drawn from the provinces, or inspired by the gayest city of the earth, pitched in the Alps, or buried in the back shop of an obscure town; now in the Courts of princes, now in the squalor of base neighbourhoods. But the writer himself, whether describing a wrangle in a boarding-house, or a dialogue between mystics, or an atrocious crime, or a martyr's death, or a scene of boisterous comedy, or the farewell of lovers, keeps his own soul and his own inimitable self-command in observation. There we have the secret of his fascination for some readers and his repulsion for others. Many admire, but more detest, self-command—this power of detachment, this good sense in not falling fatuously enamoured of one's own characters, the genius for presenting a plot with justice to all the parties concerned, that physician's curious care for a bad case which may seem loathsome at worst, and wearisome at best, to the lay mind. With all Balzac's exuberance, his passionateness, his unreasonableness, and his eccentricities amounting to a kind of insanity, his compositions are probably the least emotional of any creative author. 'I have a

horror,' he writes to his sister, 'of betraying my own feelings in literature.'"

I AGREE with the writer that this cynical impartiality, though to a certain extent common to most French



MRS. KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

(Photo. Frederick Hollyer)

authors, Flaubert and Guy de Maupassant in particular, is seen in a most marked degree in Balzac; but it is, I think, dangerous to push the theory too far and to dub the novelist unemotional. Surely all the work of Balzac, or, at any rate, the greater and better part of it, was written under the impetus of an intense excitement. His characters lived vividly for him in the

world of his imagination, and their fates and natures inspired in him the most absorbing interest; interest be it said, rarely sympathy, still more rarely admiration. Yet this detachment is compatible with the keenest psychological insight. As showing the more objective phase of Balzac's method I quote the following passage from Mr. Henry James' introduction to "The Two Young Brides":

"He gets, for further intensity, into the very skin of his *jeunes mariées*—into each alternately, as they are different enough; so that any other mode of representing women, or of representing anybody, becomes, in juxtaposition, a thing so void of the active contortions of truth as to be comparatively wooden. He bears children with Madame de l'Estorade, knows intimately how she suffers for them, and not less intimately how her correspondent suffers, as well as enjoys, without them. Big as he is, he makes himself small to be handled by her with young maternal passion, and positively to handle her, in turn, with infantile innocence."

MR. KIPLING belongs to those "who survive in a strange shadowy life in an alien time. He appears like one dancing and grimacing in the midst of the set, grave faces of a silent company." So at least thinks Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, who contributes a suggestive article to this month's "Contemporary Review" on the formidable revolt that is beginning to manifest itself against that crude and Nietzschean imperialistic literature, which was itself but a Tory reaction against the cosmopolitan idealism of the Early Victorians. It was, he tells us, "a literature of intoxication—with its forced ferocity and academic enthusiasm for the noise and trappings of war, which was the work of men who despised death because there was present in their minds not death as a reality but death as an idea"; but granted the existence of the reaction, I confess I am unable to follow Mr. Masterman in his naive and sanguine prophecy that "the vital movement of the immediate years to come will be put in motion by the writers of the Little England or Nationalist school." To imagine that Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Nevinson, Mr. Belloc, who are mentioned as the protagonists of the new school, will revolutionise the whole tenour of English thought denotes not so much an exaggerated estimate of the powers of these writers as a misconception of the present English character.

My remarks about a month ago a propos of the novel to the effect that amusement, not art, is the popular cry find only too strong confirmation in an article contributed by Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston to the current "Book Monthly." I quote the following passage: "To put the matter very briefly, the novel is to my thinking a mental 'rest cure' in an overtaxed world. We turn to it when our minds are tired, much as we turn to the seas or the mountains, when physically exhausted by an arduous season—social or commercial." If this statement holds good without reserve, then the knell of the novel as a form of art is already rung, and in its stead we have the novel as an intellectual recuperator. A logical application of the same principle would soon make short work of all serious drama which must obviously be considerably inferior as a "rest cure" to farce and comic opera. Judged by Mrs. Thurston's standard, Mr. James' "The Wings of the Dove" or Mr. Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" must be very poor specimens of the novel and of the drama; and I have nothing but the sincerest pity for the unlucky individual who has recourse to either the one or the other in order to refresh his jaded and exhausted brain. Surely a novel which is worth anything at all

should afford exercise not rest, should be food for a vigorous mind, not a mere medicine for the exhausted.

"CAN any one read 'Contarini Fleming' and 'Henrietta Temple' without laughing at them? 'Henrietta Temple' is pure bathos. When Disraeli wrote about simple human emotions he was apt to write tenth-rate Bulwer." The above passage, also from an article in "The Book Monthly," by Mr. L. F. Austin, is an excellent example of how fatal it is to criticise the works of a previous age by the canons of the present. "Contarini Fleming" and "Henrietta Temple" being written in an age when sentimentalism was an integral part of the equipment of nearly every educated man and woman, inevitably exhale the artificial atmosphere of the period. Artificiality, in fact, came natural in those days, and to sneer at it because of its incongruity with modern ideas is to lose all sense of perspective. Inexcusable is the writer's sweeping condemnation of "Contarini Fleming," the nearest English approach to "The Sorrows of Werther" or "Wilhelm Meister." Perhaps Mr. Austin finds these works also hectic and hysterical and consequently ludicrous.

THE Symphony concert at the Queen's Hall last Saturday was most interesting and of exactly the right length—one hour and three-quarters. Mr. Wood's orchestra steadily improves, is rapidly becoming an entity and ceasing to be a mere collection of soloists; but the brass wind is still lacking in mellowness. The playing in Schubert's unfinished symphony and in the "Trauermarsch," from "Die Götterdämmerung," was admirable; but Miss Maud MacCarthy has not yet fathomed the depths of Beethoven's Concerto in D, skilful as she is in the use of her instrument. Dr. Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" is to my taste neither merry nor musical.

## Bibliographical

I AM given to understand by Scots friends that my assumption that it was the Earl of Eglinton who wrote the verses about "From the lone shieling of the misty island" is not the accepted notion north of the Tweed. In "Tait's Edinburgh Magazine" in 1849, as I pointed out last week, the verses were described as having been found among the papers of the late Earl of Eglinton; they had already appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine" twenty years earlier (September 1829) with an introduction, from which it is natural to ascribe them to John Galt, who was in Canada in that year on a second visit. Galt, however, was contributing a serial to the magazine, and if the song was his it is strange that he should not have been more closely particularised than he is in the following passage (in the "Noctes"): "North.—By the bye, I have a letter this morning from a friend of mine now in Upper Canada. He was rowed down the St. Lawrence lately, for several days on end, by a set of strapping fellows, all born in that country, and yet hardly one of whom could speak a word of any tongue but the Gaelic. They sang heaps of our old Highland oar songs, he says, and capitally well, in the true Hebridean fashion; and they had others of their own, Gaelic, too, some of which my friend noted down, both words and music. He has sent me a translation of one of their ditties—shall I try how it will croon?" If this is to be taken as anything but a fanciful introduction, then the song was not found among the papers of a nobleman who died in 1819; if it was so found it is fairly safe to assume that it was not written by the



author of "The Ayrshire Legatee." There is direct conflict of testimony, and until some more conclusive evidence shall be forthcoming the authorship must remain "not proven."

Some readers will, I hope, be pleased to learn that my recent appeal in this column for a reprint in volume form of James Thomson's translation of Leopardi's dialogues is to be satisfactorily answered, and that the book is to be published at an early date.

The announcement that the Nobel Prize for Literature has been awarded to Don José Echegaray, the Spanish poet and dramatist, may turn the attention of some English readers to his writings; but those unacquainted with Spanish have yet but few oppor-

by Adeline," and it is explained that the pieces were written when the author was between eleven and fourteen years old. The quaintest of them is one of which I can give but the opening and closing lines:

"Oh! I could wish to be  
An oyster in an Indian sea!  
No fear, no care, no toil, no strife,  
With nothing to enjoy but life. . . .  
A passive life—a negative, painless life,  
Free from joy, [or] woe, or strife.  
Oh! I could wish to be  
An oyster in an Indian sea!"

The introducer of these childish efforts was no doubt the mother of the future novelist, a successful writer of



AT MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS

tunities of studying his work in translations. Three of his plays were Englished about ten years ago; two—"The Great Galeoto" and "Folly or Saintliness"—were rendered in prose by the late Hannah Lynch and published together (1895), while in the same year was published Mr. James Graham's translation of Echegaray's three-act drama, "The Son of Don Juan." The latter book, which included a very useful biographical sketch of the poet, formed one of the well-known Cameo Series.

The late Miss Adeline Sergeant was the author of close upon seventy novels and stories. I have seen it stated that "her first book was published in 1882," but this is by no means accurate, for although it was from that year that she became a regular novelist, her "first book" was issued as early as 1866. This book was "Poems: By E. F. A. Sergeant. With an Introduction

verses and tales of a religious character, who used the pen-name of "Adeline."

WALTER JERROLD.

A DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS IN PROSE FROM AMERICAN AND FOREIGN AUTHORS, INCLUDING TRANSLATIONS FROM ANCIENT SOURCES. By Anna L. Ward. (Dean & Son, 2s. 6d.) This book is strongly bound, cheap, and one of the best compendiums of quotations that we have seen. The compiler has had the discretion to avoid quoting from writers merely because they happen to be well known and to take into account merely their quotability. Five hundred and fifty-three authors and translators are represented, and their sayings grouped under eight hundred and forty-one heads. There is an adequate subject index, and also one of the authors and translators quoted. Altogether an extremely useful volume.

## Reviews

Aylwin

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON: POET, NOVELIST, CRITIC.  
By James Douglas. With twenty-four illustrations.  
(Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)

WHEN a man boldly proclaims himself a hero-worshipper and devotes a well-packed volume to the genius of his living idol, the spirit in which we approach the work is prone to be tainted with prejudice. But the careful perusal of this monograph disarms us; indeed, it encourages us to pass by with kindly sympathy the author's occasional outbursts of enthusiasm as we recognise the sustained intelligence of his critical inquiry. It is perhaps inevitable that such a book should be somewhat formless in its building-up; nevertheless, it is suggestive throughout, well considered and well written.

The position of Mr. Watts-Dunton in the world of letters is so widely recognised—dominating so masterfully his own sphere and influencing a whole generation of our most thoughtful writers—that it was hardly for Mr. Douglas to attempt to establish it; his duty was to justify it. This justification has been conscientiously and successfully undertaken, so that the author begins with a chapter on Mr. Watts-Dunton's oft-discussed phrase "the Renaissance of Wonder" and ends with the consideration of his philosophy of life and matter. It is no biography in the ordinary sense which we have here, but a biographical setting in which is displayed the work and teaching of the eminent critic.

Few men have enjoyed noble literary friendships so close and intimate as Mr. Watts-Dunton. How close and productive was that intimacy is here shown, as it were, from within—how Rossetti, Swinburne and Tennyson trusted his judgment as the judgment of the infallible critic: "In a question of gain or loss to a poem," said Rossetti, "I feel that Watts must be right." And these kings of verse are followed by an army of men of smaller stature. William Morris, too, scarcely less picturesque a figure than George Borrow, gains in charm from the new light Mr. Watts-Dunton lets in upon his loveable character; and Lowell, Bret Harte and others add a human interest to these critical pages.

Mr. Watts-Dunton's connection with "The Examiner," and since 1875 with "The Athenæum," forms the introduction of his earlier literary life to public ken; but "Aylwin" in its original form, for so many years suppressed, occupied his mind soon after, and so "Aylwin" is dealt with at great length and in various parts of the book. This epoch-making novel is examined from all sides: as a work of fiction, as a gospel of life, as a type of humour, as a basis of autobiography, as a study of character (the author of it explaining that D'Arcy is in part only a study of Rossetti, but in nobility and the finer qualities a true reflection of the poet, adding the admission that De Castro is Augustus Howell—whom, however, he does not mention by name). It is, moreover, submitted to searching criticism from the point of view of technique, and the suppressed "decorated passages of prose" are quoted. As a type of imaginative work of the highest class, with its richness of language, its lucidness of manner and purity of style, it has all along been accepted; but Mr. Douglas' analysis is welcome for those who do not usually think for themselves. Taken in connection with this, the two essays on imaginative and didactic prose and the methods of prose-fiction, and the interesting passages setting forth Mr. Watts-Dunton's canons of dramatic

and poetic art, these chapters assume real importance as a basis of literary criticism. Before the appearance of "The Coming of Love" and "Christmas at the 'Mermaid'" their author was hailed as a poet of fine feeling and execution, but the fine works take new significance as we search them for signs of that "New Poetry," the advent of which Mr. Watts-Dunton foresees—the expression of poetic feeling by the "emotional wave," such as we see signs of, more or less, in some of the "new poetry" of France.

The lover of painting will perhaps be startled by the contention of Mr. Watts-Dunton (p. 323), that poetry is incapable, through the necessary limitation of mere articulated words, of rendering the most passionate expression of the emotions. This is mainly, as he truly points out, because the most passionate emotion, whether of love, rage or anguish, does not seek to express itself in words; and he quotes the Niobe and Laocoon groups as superior as expressive art to the speech of Andromache to Hector, to the cries of Cassandra in the "Agamemnon," and even to the wailings of Lear over the dead Cordelia. I said "startled," because, strangely enough, the view of his great namesake, George F. Watts, was the polar contrary, and, oft-repeated, was generally accepted; he would habitually lament the fact that painting was but a poor medium for the expression of the higher thoughts and more passionate emotions, and that if a cruel fate had not withheld from him the power of words he could have appealed in his didactic work more directly and powerfully to the human heart. Doubtless the theory of Mr. Watts-Dunton comes nearer to the truth, albeit the actual limitation of the plastic or graphic artist is more narrowly restricted by its incapacity to do more than render the emotion of the instant.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

Shelley

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF SHELLEY. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. (Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS Clarendon Press edition of Shelley, edited by Mr. Hutchinson, who also edited the excellent Oxford Wordsworth, professes to contain material not previously published in any edition of the poems. It may be said at the outset, indeed, that this is the best and completest edition of Shelley's poems in a single volume yet produced. We had almost written "cheap edition," but nowadays seven-and-sixpence net may be accounted a fairly aristocratic price—to this complexion have we come in the matter of cheap publications. Nay, as a whole, it is the completest of all editions yet published. It includes every fragment of Shelley's verse which has yet appeared in print. The one query we have to make on this point is why—when the most valueless fragments of the poet's posthumous poetry are sedulously incorporated—the editor has not printed the first form of "The Revolt of Islam"? This has the more claim to attention, because "Laon and Cythna" (as it was called) is the poem as Shelley actually conceived and intended it, while "The Revolt of Islam" is a compromise—an unwilling compromise—with the publisher's terrors. It might almost have been preferable to print this first form in the text and relegate the revisions which constitute the later form of the poem (that known as "The Revolt of Islam") to the Notes. Mr. Hutchinson has chosen the opposite procedure: the variations of the text belonging to "Laon



and Cythna" (the first form) are remitted to the Notes, while "The Revolt of Islam" takes its customary place in the text. Of course, it will be conceded that considerations of space, in a one-volume edition, forbade the printing of the entire poem twice over merely for the sake of the variant lines, and perhaps Mr. Hutchinson has adopted the alternative which would commend itself to most critics. But we could wish he had chosen the bolder course.

The binding, with its brick red, is not over-attractive; it has a certain commonness of aspect: but this apart, the book is well got up, with good and clear print. The thinness of the paper is a necessity where so much has to be compressed into a single volume, and is far preferable to the alternative of minute print, which makes some editions murderous reading. Mrs. Shelley's notes to the poems and Shelley's own prefaces (where such exist) are given. Besides the portrait there are two facsimiles of Shelley's writing from MSS of the "Prometheus Unbound." In addition to notes by the editor on the text and punctuation there is a bibliography of the editions of the poems; and a workman-like preface reviews the history of Shelley's text in general. The text, so far as we have examined it, seems most carefully edited. A good test is supplied by such very recent discoveries as the long-standing error in "Arethusa"—the substitution of "concealed" for "unsealed"—which are duly noted. We cannot help hazarding a private doubt, however, as to what authority there may be, in "Hellas," for "the clanging Of her wings through the wild air," where the more likely word would seem to be "wide air." But the chances in such a matter are all in favour of Mr. Hutchinson's accuracy, judging from our observation.

The editor, while he adheres largely and wisely to Shelley's punctuation, follows a rule of his own with regard to the spelling, with results not always at first sight attractive, such as "rapped" for "rapt"; but he assigns logical reason for it. Even in punctuation he alters somewhat, for, as he says, Shelley was careless of small sins in grammar and punctuation. We certainly would not maintain the universal purity of the poet's grammar, but it would be easy to show that some such sins alleged against him are not due to carelessness, but are deliberately and systematically committed for what to him were the higher needs of euphony and melodiousness. So also there is system in the lax rhyme which precisians throw in his teeth. But upon these *minutiae* we need not dwell further. Mr. Hutchinson has given us a very full, accurate and complete edition of the poet, which should commend itself preferentially to every student. The new matter, such as Shelley's "Juvenilia," is not of importance. But since literary fashion has settled we are to have these things, here they are. For that the editor is not responsible. For making this book the last word of completeness he is.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

FRAGMENTS OF PROSE AND POETRY. By F. W. H. Myers. Edited by his wife, Eveleen Myers. (Longmans. 9s. net.)

THIS is a volume of remains, very miscellaneous in its contents, which have only the unity imposed by the strongly individual personality of their author. It opens with some autobiographical chapters; then we have short papers (many, or most, originally delivered in the form of addresses) on various eminent people; and about the latter half of the book is occupied by posthumous poems. The autobiographical portion is a slight review of the writer's life, very slight and sketchy, mainly absorbed in

tracing his religious evolution rather than in following the outward events of his career. It gives the impression that it was begun with an intention of fulness and particularity from which Mr. Myers gradually tailed off—as though he lost interest in his scheme, or was distracted from it by other affairs. So far as he did complete it, it concerns his religious psychology; giving a generalised description of the steps by which he was led from belief, through religious indifference, to the semi-spiritualistic creed of which he died an enthusiastic apostle. Above all, it concerns the founding of the Psychical Research Society, or rather the spiritual processes leading to its inception.

The papers on eminent men are written from the like standpoint. This was natural enough in that (for example) on Mr. Edmund Gurney, who was himself the backbone of the Psychical Research Society. But even the address on the death of Ruskin ultimately resolves itself into a consideration of Ruskin's points of contact with and separation from "us." That King Charles' head obtrudes itself into all the papers. Accordingly their chief interest is subjective, as shedding light on the marked and peculiar personality of Mr. Myers himself, and the psychological aspects of the enterprise by which he over and over again declares his ambition chiefly to be known to posterity—the creation of the Society for Psychical Research. We are no admirers of Spiritualism. But the S.P.R. is another matter. It seems to us that only a rooted *à priori* attitude can deny to it the achievement of certain results and the exercise of a considerable influence. In any case, it represents a deep-seated aspect of Mr. Myers' character. Therefore these prose remains—autobiographical and otherwise—have a proportion of permanent value; while their style has the charm inherent in all the author's writings.

But the most valuable portion of the book, to our mind, is the poetic portion. Some of these poems have been published in various forms, though not in book form: the most have not previously been published at all. As regards this latter and major portion, it necessarily suffers under the disadvantage of all posthumous work, all poetic "remains"—not excluding those of Shelley. The poems were not by their author selected for publicity, and presumably, for the more part, were by himself thought unworthy of publicity. It is not surprising, then, that as a whole they cannot be set amongst his best work. Yet, compared with the generality of poetic "remains," they are markedly superior. Few of them are without some measure of the true poetic impulse. Still fewer are without the subtlety of diction which from the first distinguished the work of Myers. The prevalent vice is an unconscious obscurity, which revision might have removed. The poet does not appreciate the difficulty to others of the abstruse theme so clearly present to his own mind, and therefore indulges in abrupt transitions where it was necessary that his transitions should have been at least indicated, if not explicitly made out. But these are poems we should have been sorry to miss, and this part of the volume is full of interest. A volume of remains, but of distinguished remains.

THE CHRISTIAN OPPORTUNITY. By Randall Thomas Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS volume, under a well-chosen title, contains a selection of the sermons preached by his Grace of Canterbury during his recent tour in Canada and the United States. Selection is, however, hardly the word, for the discourses were not written, and the choice has, therefore, been regulated not so much by the author's sense of fitness as

by the chance of his having to his hand more or less adequate newspaper reports.

Just as they stand they give, nevertheless, a sufficiently vivid impression of the Archbishop's reception and of his attitude towards his hosts. His reception was worthy of their traditional hospitality, and the visitor, among these younger peoples, touched by their warmth and impressed by the signs of strenuous life, was filled with hope. Hope throughout this volume is the prevailing note. "Dark clouds, no doubt," said he, "there are to-day, as in all other days, but there is glory too along the whole horizon; and surely they are lights of dawn, not relics of sunset." "We are obviously in the centre of mighty foundation-works, and the buoyancy of hope almost dwarfs the wonder of the present view," he declares at Montreal. It was the beginning of a new age that should show forth more mighty works than those of old time, when the good lived too loosely to this world, not realising the true sense in which their citizenship is in heaven; when the *Dies Irae* was the outward expression of the inmost thought of the best and most enthusiastic souls. That was a note eminently characteristic of the temperate Christianity of Anglo-Saxondom, and again and again it is struck. To a club of young men the Archbishop says frankly: "I envy you for the chance you have, the opportunities that may be yours, of living on into the time, say twenty or thirty years hence, when you will be at your best and we shall be gone, and when the opportunities that we thought so rich and manifold will be dwarfed, alike in their extent and in their variety, by the opportunities which I honestly believe will then be yours." And again, in another place, he says: "I believe with all my heart that the Christian faith as we hand it on to our children will be a yet stronger, a nobler and a manlier thing than the same faith was when we inherited, as little children, its priceless gift."

It would have been strange if the chief ecclesiastic of the Anglican Church had found nothing to say concerning external polity. Dr. Davidson did, in fact, with very nice discretion, touch the question of ecclesiastical union. Beside the many and powerful centrifugal forces that are energetic within the Anglican body there is, in the historic see of Canterbury, a natural centre of union which the mere presence of its occupant must have brought with rare vividness to the mind of his fellow-churchmen across the Atlantic. He magnified his office in such terms as cannot but have touched the hearts of many among those who heard him. He disclaims, of course, the bare notion of an Anglican Papacy; but a communion so widespread, whose activities are so ramified, needs, at any rate, he declared, a pivot. And to the see of Canterbury most naturally should turn the eyes of those in every quarter of the globe who use the Book of Common Prayer. The Archbishop is no mere herald. We see in these pages somewhat of the quality of the born ambassador.

**THE BIBLE HANDBOOK: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.** By the late Joseph Angus, M.A., D.D. New Edition, thoroughly Revised and in part Re-written by Samuel G. Green, D.D. (Religious Tract Society. 6s. net.)

This handbook has enjoyed for more than fifty years a well-deserved popularity. It is the work of an eminent Biblical scholar. It is extraordinarily comprehensive in plan and is characterised by a genuine and far-reaching reverence. The book is divided into two parts, of which the first deals with general questions of language, canonicity and exegesis, while in the second the various books are taken seriatim, summarised and historically

examined and interpreted. The original point of view is one that was more commonly favoured half a century ago than now—at least among scholarly men. And so revolutionary has been the period that has elapsed since the work first saw the light that the task undertaken by the reviser, Dr. Green, has been a difficult one. But he has done his work of putting a new clout upon an old garment with a success that does credit alike to his confidence in the abiding substance of the old material and to his sartorial ingenuity.

Let us take as a fair example of the general attitude the account given of the Books of Moses. Their Mosaic authorship is asserted and sustained by arguments from tradition, Jewish and heathen, the testimony of other Scriptures and that of our Lord and His apostles, from the occurrence of archaisms and from such other internal evidence as: "There is an exact correspondence between the narrative and the institutions, showing that both had one author." This is particularly elaborated in the case of Deuteronomy. The unity of the books implied in their Mosaic authorship is said, however, by way of concession to modern frailty, not to exclude a pre-Mosaic element of tradition and a post-Mosaic element of editorial activity. In regard to the first we are very gravely assured that "the Creation, the early annals of mankind, and the great events of the world's history from the dawn of time must have left their traces in human memory and in primeval literature." There is a comprehensive *naïveté* about this that leaves one rather breathless. Of course, we are reminded of the diversity of conjecture among such critics as would explain the origin of the sacred books otherwise than in accordance with tradition. And we are not permitted to forget that "any hypothesis which attributes the origin of a book of Scripture to forgery or literary fraud destroys the value of that book to us."

Putting aside the question implied in the words "forgery" and "literary fraud," does the value of the books depend upon the maintenance of their Mosaic authorship? Christianity, not merely in its ethics, but in its central dogmas too, has shown in the past a wonderful aptitude for "doing without." It is certain that at the present day many of the cultivated clergy of the Church of England, and even a large number of Roman Catholic priests and professors, have no difficulty in accepting hypotheses exclusive, for instance, of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. Meanwhile it is well that an older view should be as clearly and forcibly expressed as we find it in this book: it will serve always as an intelligible starting-point. But apart from questions of burning controversy, there is in this single volume an immense store of admirably digested matter.

**BONNIE SCOTLAND.** Painted by Sutton Palmer, Described by A. R. Hope-Moncrieff. (Black. 20s. net.)

**SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.** Painted by H. J. Dobson, Described by W. Sanderson. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

**RED CAP TALES.** By S. R. Crockett. Illustrated by Simon Harmon Vedder. (Black. 6s.)

In these three volumes the brush and the pen have united to give us a fine series of pictures of Scottish scenery, home life, national character and literature. All are inextricably mingled; sometimes one is foremost, sometimes another, but all must be taken in their relation to one another. In "Bonnie Scotland"—by-the-by, a wide subject even though it does not include the Highlands and the numerous islands—Mr. Hope-Moncrieff asks what makes a nation? It is not, he proceeds



to answer himself, Roman walls or swift-flowing rivers; not race, for into how confused a pattern might Scotland's various strains be woven; not a common speech, not patriotism, not even religion, though that is necessarily an important factor in any survey of Scottish life and character. No, "one comes to see how *esprit de corps* seems most surely generated by the want of standing shoulder to shoulder against a common foe." The Borderland feuds, the "many a bloody fray" that once laid low her ingle nooks and reddened her streams are now historic, the theme of stirring ballads and wild romances; but they have surely played their part in the formation of the national character.

Mr. Sanderson, in his "Scottish Life and Character," remarks that the indomitable fighting spirit of their ancestors still burns in the heart of all Scotchmen, demanding but a cause to burst into flame. This spirit accords well with Caledonia's wild scenery, and we like to think that the gillie tending sheep on the mountain-side, to all appearance concerned only in the earning of his daily bread, is at heart as much a fighting man as his ancestors ever were.

"Bonnie Scotland" is an admirable book, both in letterpress and illustration. Some of the pictures are really beautiful, as, for example, Loch Achray, the Silver Strand, Loch Katrine, view of the river Teith and Brig o' Turk. In these the artist has succeeded in investing the views with that mysterious grandeur and poetry which are seldom absent from Scottish scenery. He is at his best in depicting the solitary gloomy tarn among the hills, suggesting, who can say, what dark tragedy, what curse of desolation, rather than more peaceful sunshiny scenes where the water sparkles clear and bright and all the world around is tenderly green. Mayhap this has something to do with the process of reproduction, for we have noticed before in three-colour books that such scenes are apt to appear crudely green and wanting in depth. Space forbids that we should quote from the text contributed to this book; it must suffice to say that the writer has selected his matter well from the crowd of material which Scotland affords. His writing has a literary flavour of its own, a curious abruptness that is rather pleasing. Undoubtedly he knows his subject thoroughly, so that in this volume artist and author are alike to be congratulated on their excellent conjunction.

We cannot say so much for Mr. Sanderson's contribution to "Scottish Life and Character." Mr. Dobson has given us some truly charming presentations of simple cottage homes and rustic folk such as we meet with in "A Window in Thrums." There are pictures of the kindly old Dominie who has joined some lowly family circle and is discoursing to the lads and lassies, while the pot of potatoes, destined for supper, boils merrily over the fire; there is the old crofter reverently holding his bonnet in his hand while he asks a grace o'er his porridge; the return of the guidman to his evening meal, the baby picked up and held aloft in his brawny arms. They are all scenes of contented living and quiet, honest toil, far removed from the bustle and noise of great cities. Such scenes are not so easily found as they once were, but they still exist, if not on the track beaten commonplace and vulgar by the tramp of the tourist's feet. They are well worth preserving, and we could wish that Mr. Sanderson had brought more sympathetic insight and delicate fancy to the literary portion of the volume. We cannot call his part of the work at all satisfying; it is prosy and full of cheap sentimentality. He throws little or no light

on Scottish life and character, he tells us nothing that every one did not know before. He speaks in one place of the habit of his countrymen of saying little but thinking deeply. Maybe Mr. Sanderson thinks deeply, but has not the gift of putting his cogitations on paper. In this respect the artist, Mr. H. J. Dobson, has been happier.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's "Red Cap Tales," which he acknowledges having stolen "from the 'Wizard of the North,'" are quite the nicest, most tempting carrots that could possibly be dangled before the nose of the reluctant donkey. Mr. Crockett has stripped off some of the wrappings from Scott's novels and given the body to children in simple language and straightforward narrative. Undoubtedly the young ones do like to arrive at the "story part" in the quickest possible time, and Mr. Crockett has done them a service in "Red Cap Tales." The illustrations are thoroughly in keeping with the text and distinguished by charm and fancy.

The publishers are to be congratulated on having produced three admirable colour books, any one of which would make a delightful Christmas gift.

CHRISTIAN LIFE IN THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH. By Ernst von Dobschütz, D.D. Translated by George Bremner, B.D., and Edited by the Reverend W. D. Morrison, LL.D. Theological Translation Library. (Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d.)

FROM EPICURUS TO CHRIST. By William de Witt Hyde. (Macmillan. 6s. 6d. net.)

THE MAGNETISM OF CHRIST. By the Reverend John Smith, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE FLOCK. By the Reverend G. H. Morrison. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

OUTSIDE the Roman Catholic Church, for which the Definition of 1854 is the principal feature of the nineteenth century, the speculative mind has in our day largely withdrawn itself from the field of Christian dogma. It is as though, by the end of the fifteenth century, the crop of mysticism that sprang from the seed sown in the early ages of Christianity had become white to the harvest, and had been safely garnered by the great schoolmen. To many since that time the abundance of the barns has grown stupid. Other fields of research have been opened up and have yielded their grain. And in regard to Christianity itself it is clear that of contemporary writers, even those who accept more or less of the conciliar definitions are disposed to take them very much for granted, while they exercise themselves upon that side of Christianity which is sometimes called practical. It is to the task of laying an historical foundation for such search that Dr. von Dobschütz, the Strassburg professor, has here devoted himself. And though such inquiry is concerned in the first place with the present, it should welcome the aid of history. Dr. von Dobschütz brought to bear the ungrudging pains which in such undertakings are the characteristic feature of German scholarship. He throws a searchlight upon the Pauline congregations; from the Jewish morality he traces the development of the Christian spirit; and at last, in that part of the work devoted to the study of Later Christianity among the Heathen, he brings us down to the hour when all the diverse elements fell together into the adamant composite of Catholicism. That word to the German professor bears a sinister sense. And, in general, his point of view is indicated to the reader by the way in which he, so to speak, jibs at every indication of primitive asceticism. But, as we have already suggested, his book,

very adequately translated on the whole, is a work of real erudition and enthusiasm.

The Principal of Bowdoin College, who writes in a kindred spirit, in "From Epicurus to Christ" gives a reasoned study in what he calls the Principles of Personality. It is not every one who can set forth Aristotle to twentieth-century youth in such a way as to bring him home to the intellect as a practical guide in the daily affairs of life, nor are there many who can drive home the spirit of practical Christianity in a way that may impress even the enlightened Ingersollian (if that name is still remembered in the colonel's native country) with a sense of the beauty and reasonableness of what is presently understood by the mind of Christ. Christianity, as Mr. Hyde would have it understood, has room for innocent joys of sense, of mind and of heart, yet implies a strength to make whatever sacrifice of them the wider good requires. It shall purge the heart of pride and pretence, and shall put a man's life to account for practical usefulness and social progress. These philosophical elements from Epicurus, Plato and Aristotle it shall fuse in the furnace that is the true Christian's spirit of love. A book, this, that a young and thoughtful man of ordinary intelligence must be the wiser for having read.

Dr. Smith writes with intensity of confidence and purpose. "The world," says he, "is sick of shadows of the true; but when men are found witnessing in utter self-abnegation, and clothed with the visible witness of Him Who answers by fire, then, in a measure such as history has never recorded, shall humanity respond to the Gospel call." Such words, addressed to young men preparing for the ministry, are a noble exhortation to a high missionary ideal; and, if they seem to ignore some episodes of spiritual history in the past history of the Christian Church, they should be none the less fruitful for the time to come. In such a tone of lofty meliorism these discourses are in general conceived.

Mr. Morrison's Scripture studies are reprinted from the Scottish edition of "The British Weekly." They are simple and straightforward reflections upon passages of the Bible, not very profound nor open to the reproach of an undue parade of learning. Mr. Morrison's imaginative illustration is often happy; sometimes it is too obvious, and occasionally it is not obvious enough, as when he fancies the man *born blind* appealing to his mother: "O mother, what is the meaning of this darkness?" The "year" is not, of course, the ecclesiastical year, but merely fifty-two sabbaths.

THE CAMBRIDGE NATURAL HISTORY. Vol. VII., Fishes, &c., by various writers. (Macmillan. 17s. net.)

THIS great enterprise has now proceeded sufficiently far to be regarded as an achievement. The editors have aimed very high, and they have succeeded. It is no small satisfaction, from the point of view of that reflex egoism which we call patriotism, that it is not nowadays left to Germany alone to produce such monumental works as this. Well-conceived, carefully co-ordinated and executed with the greatest detail and completeness, the Cambridge Natural History is certain to rank high amongst those gigantic scientific works to which, within the last half-century or so, the labours of so many experts, each without hope of more glory than falls to a mere assistant, have contributed. Gone for ever are the days when a man like Aristotle—the most learned of the ancients—could carry the sum of human knowledge in one head. The father of natural history would have been amazed indeed to see such a work as

this. Yet we may remember that though it needs the life-work of perhaps a score of experts to produce such an encyclopædic work as this, yet the theory of descent has unified and made intelligible the whole. A thousand zoological facts in Aristotle's day were just a thousand facts; many millions of such facts to-day, though no one man can know a tithe of them, are each merely contributory to a generalised truth which a schoolboy can receive and understand within five minutes, and retain without effort for the rest of his life.

From the standpoint, then, of the central truth of biology, the most interesting monograph in this volume is that upon the Hemichordata, by Dr. Harmer, one of the editors. Familiarly we talk of vertebrates and invertebrates, and the classification is convenient: but modern zoology fixes upon a structure, called the notochord, for its importance in classification. This notochord is an elastic rod which forms the axis of the backbone of all backboneed or vertebrated animals. In some of the lowest forms it lasts throughout life; in the higher forms, such as ourselves, the notochord is observed only in the very early (pre-natal) stages of development, during which it forms the scaffolding upon which the backbone is built. We may thus divide the animal kingdom into chordata and achordata. But no one who accepts the theory of organic evolution will rest content until he has sought for intermediate stages, and these have been found. Zoologists are now acquainted with a group of wormlike animals which possess a notochord at the front end of the body only; a group which has a notochord at the tail end only; a group which has, throughout life, a notochord extending the entire length of the body; and lastly the group in which vertebræ are developed around the notochord, which is absent in the adult form.

The whole history, thus briefly suggested, of the evolution of the spinal column is of incalculable importance. I admit that our knowledge of the invertebrates or, more properly, the achordata, is still so relatively scanty that we must be careful with our generalisations; but it certainly appears as if, until the beginnings of the notochord, animal life was, so to speak, "getting nowhere." Admittedly there are the bee, the wasp and the amazing ant. It is not absolutely necessary to have a hollow spinal column and cranium holding and protecting the central nervous system, in order that a high degree of intelligence and morality shall be attained. But it seems highly probable that, without the development of this newer plan, life had close limitations placed upon it: whereas once we get the beginnings of a notochord, it appears to forge almost inevitably ahead, through fish, amphibian and reptile, to the bird and the mammal—*quorum magna pars sumus*. And when we familiarly talk of a man who "has no backbone," let us remember that whilst the spinal column is most important as a supporting structure, it and the skull are infinitely more important as shielding the nervous system of which all else is but the minister. The metaphor may mean much more than most of us think.

C. W. SALEEBY.

ADAM SMITH. By F. W. Hirst. (Macmillan. 2s. net.) It would be interesting to hear Dr. Johnson's opinion on a proposal to include Adam Smith among English Men of Letters! It has been said of the author of the "Wealth of Nations" that he thought there was a Scotchman inside every one, and certainly in his cast of thought Adam Smith was, at the time he wrote, as little an Englishman as can be conceived. That he was a man of letters may be cheerfully conceded, if that phrase be



interpreted to mean that he had a style. He writes carefully and well, with dignity and rhythm, and it must be owned his works stand out in contrast to those that come after them in political economy. Of his style two things may be said. It is formed with a view of convincing the reason rather than of impressing the imagination or tickling the senses; secondly it succeeds wonderfully in misleading the reader, for whilst it seems to be laying before him the materials for a judgment, it is really marshalling illustrations which are to convince him of the truth of an assumption.

Mr. Hirst has clearly been a little puzzled as to the appropriate way of treating Adam Smith as a member of a series. There are one or two blots on his book which should be removed in a new edition. It is not correct to say that Waverley crossed the Border "on his way to join the Young Pretender" (page 9), Bishop Butler was not at Christ Church (page 12), "success of esteem" (page 19) is an unmeaning phrase; it is not quite accurate, again, to say that A. Smith's mother "destined the boy for the Church of England" (page 8), though the meaning is plain. Nor is it easy to understand this sentence: "He saw how evil was the system of unpaid magistracies which Bentham burned and Gneist adored" (page 91). But these are small points. The merit of Mr. Hirst's book lies in the appreciation of the lasting importance of the "Wealth of Nations," in which he rightly sees the germ of future theories. There is hardly a prominent doctrine in economics which is not a development of some thought of Adam Smith's. In the practical world he notices the same far-reaching influence. A man, as he says, may well be proud of having both Pitt and Napoleon as his pupils. It is also very creditable to Mr. Hirst that he has abstained from making his book a party manifesto, which he must have been sorely tempted to do. Lastly, he has used, and used with discretion, the latest materials for a biography which Mr. Cannan and others have brought to light. His book may be cordially recommended to the reader who is not a specialist in economics.

L. R. PHELPS.

THE EPISTLES OF ERASMUS. English Translations by Francis Morgan Nichols. Vol. II. (Longmans. 18s. net.)

PENDING the "definitive" edition of the letters of Erasmus, which one expects some day from Mr. P. S. Allen, Mr. Nichols has put all students of the early sixteenth century under the very greatest obligation, not merely by his translations and abstracts, but by his strenuous attempt to reduce the mass of material before him into an approximately chronological order. His labours stop short with 1517, but it is precisely during these earlier years that the difficulty is the greatest and the bewilderment of the original editions most complete. Enough of the later letters are dated by Erasmus himself to serve as an adequate clue through the maze. A former instalment of Mr. Nichols' work, published as far back as 1901, took the matter down to 1509. The present volume resumes the chronicle in that year, during which Erasmus, tempted by the fame of the new King Henry VIII. as a patron of letters, returned to England in the hope of obtaining some snug morsel of ecclesiastical preferment as the reward and support of enlightenment and scholarship. He was, of course, doomed to disappointment. Powerful friends, such as Lord Mountjoy and Archbishop Warham, were willing enough to accept the dedications of his immortal works and even to meet his immediate needs out of the superfluity of their purses. But the solid endowment

tarried. Erasmus spent two or three meagre years lecturing on Greek at Cambridge, then resigned the hopeless quest, and returned to the Continent, settling first at Basle, where he published his editions of the New Testament and of the works of Jerome, then at Antwerp and Brussels and finally at Louvain, where his reputation, much against his will, was destined to be whelmed in the vortex of the "Lutheran tragedy." Throughout all this period his correspondence with friends, both in England and abroad, was voluminous. Of course, it throws a far from negligible light upon the literary and theological controversies of his time. It is perhaps more important to us now that, in spite of the scrupulous scholarship which he devoted to it, it succeeds in remaining a human document of the first interest. You will not easily find a more complete picture of the Renaissance student, not merely in his moments of literary glory, but also in the humiliations and penurious discomfort of his diurnal life. Erasmus found Cambridge but a chilly hermitage. The small beer of the place gave him the stone, and when Ammonius sent him a cask of Greek wine from London the rascally carriers drank most of it upon the journey. Hopes destined never to be fulfilled buoyed him up, and the solace of friendship and the admiration of the learned. The names of More, the spilth of whose wit and wisdom inspired his "Encomium Moriae," and of Colet, then busy with his new foundation of St. Paul's School, are ever upon his pen. Charming in its naïve hero-worship is the letter of a lad, afterwards known as Stephen Gardiner, the persecuting Bishop of Winchester, who writes to recall himself to the remembrance of Erasmus as the companion of his Paris lodging, whose way of dressing a dish of lettuce cooked with butter and sour wine he had so greatly appreciated. There is something delightfully human in the sage's love of a salad.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF HENRY PARRY LIDDON. By John Octavius Johnston. With a Concluding Chapter by the Bishop of Oxford. (Longmans. 15s. net.)

CANON LIDDON died in 1890. The interval of fourteen years between his death and the publication of his life is a long one by comparison with what we have become accustomed to; but it is not long enough to enable us to be sure whether, in his very decided judgment of the trend of the times, he was substantially right or wrong.

For he died in a state of isolation. Not friendless; he was well beloved; but alone in his intellectual habit. His mind, naturally religious, was finely shaped while he was quite young by the influence of Dr. Pusey: he read the Fathers "under Pusey," as somewhere in this book it is written; and it was this lection that both fortified him in his youth against the allurements of Rome and made him in a later day to set his face like a flint against the concessions of the younger Oxford school, of which the present Bishop of Birmingham was the foremost figure. His correspondence at the time when "Lux Mundi" was about to appear, with its message of frank concession and conciliation, is melancholy reading. For he was the champion, in the university, of causes that even the home of lost causes was giving up as lost indeed. In such matters he never shrank from drawing logical deductions, and all his famous silver eloquence prophesied not great things but evil for the Church he loved and clung to in a hope that looks at moments very like despair. For his own well-being it was perhaps unfortunate that his career never landed him amid the daily discipline of a great administrative office. The recurring necessity for compromise that such work entails, the obligation laid upon its

occupant to allow for diversities of gifts and differences of intellectual attitude among those with whom he is called upon to work, might have added to him the human grace of flexibility. And such openings were not lacking. The primacy of the Scottish Episcopal Church was offered to him; he refused it because the appointment of an English Primus would not, he thought, make for the "conversion" of Scotland. The see of Worcester was offered to him. At one time he might have gone to Exeter or London. When the see of St. Alban's was carved out of Rochester there was a tea-party in Arlington Street, at which Lady Salisbury made of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone allies in urging that he should be its first bishop. But looking through his rather fascinating biography one cannot but be glad that this great free-lance preserved his independence and originality to the end. He was more picturesque than a bishop could well be, and in a church that is frankly various or nothing he added to the amalgam a personality elect and precious.

Such are some scattered notions that arise out of these pages and Dr. Paget's masterly appreciation with which the volume closes. Mr. Johnston has done a handsome service to letters and to the Church.

ITALIAN VILLAS AND THEIR GARDENS. By Edith Wharton. (Lane. 21s. net.)

AN art study, written by Mrs. Wharton and dedicated to Vernon Lee, gives promise of intimate knowledge of the subject and exquisite perfection of style, and this promise has fulfilment in "Italian Villas and their Gardens." The author frees herself from the subtleties characteristic of her psychological analyses, and gives with fine, unfaltering touch "the garden magic" of the Renaissance:

"Annihilating all that's made  
To a green thought in a green shade."

Before considering the fascination of individual examples, Mrs. Wharton elucidates the underlying thought of Italian artists. In contrast with the modern conception, which aims at the effect of space by obliterating boundaries and merging the garden into the landscape, the idea of the Italian artist was, the treatment of the garden as an extension of the house, and its divisions and their relation as subsidiary to the architectural features of the villas. So stiff pastures and pleached alleys should lead from the formal lines of the building to *bosco* and *château d'eau*, and these to the outlying vineyards and olive groves. To understand Italian gardens, the first effort of the imagination is "in thinking away the flowers," since the climate allows but the sudden and swift passing bloom of spring, so that the effects are produced by "marble, water and perennial verdure." Beginning with the narrow garden of the Middle Ages, as shown in missal illumination; a scant spot where herbs grew green round the well-head and fruit trees were trained on the enclosing walls, we have its development into the ordered, shadowed pleasance of the Italian princes and prelates.

The book is divided into studies of the villas of Florence, Sienna, Genoa and Rome, and those of Lombardy and Venetia. Everywhere the author shows the garden harmonising the chosen style of architecture with the dominant features of the scenery, whether located on the terraced Tuscan slopes against an umbrageous background, on the rock ridges of Genoa overlooking the crowded shipping and the blue sea enclosed by barren hills, or on the Borromean Islands, with their fantastic unreality. Of the last, the author writes: "They are Armida's gardens anchored in a lake of dreams, and they should be compared, not with this or that actual piece of planted land, but with a page of Ariosto or Boiardo."

Within the shadow of Rome is still the supreme charm of Italy. Despite the devastation and denuding wrought by modern changes, in which many villas are gone or going, "at every turn the watchful eye still lights on some lingering fragment of old garden art, some pillared gateway or fluted *vasca* or broken statue cowering in its niche—all testifying to what Rome's crown of gardens must have been, and still full of suggestion to the student of her past."

The pictures of Maxfield Parrish in delicacy of delineation, in glamour and in charm are worthy setting to the letterpress. To lovers of Italy those in black and white are most alluring. The colour reproductions seem opaque and heavy to those who wistfully recall cypress spires etched upon the luminous blue, or high-set statues silhouetted against the sunset's chrysolite.

DANTE'S DIVINA COMMEDIA. Translated into English prose by the Rev. H. F. Tozer. (Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE tide of books on Dante still flows wider and wider. Not only commentaries, not only books upon the poet and his works, but even translations are becoming multiplied; and here is the latest. It is not the first endeavour to render Dante in prose, but we can well do with the renewal of such attempts. The whole trend has been even too much the other way. The temptation to translate the poet into poetry is almost irresistible, and few have been able to resist it. If poetry it were, then the soundness of the principle would be undeniable. But all verse is not poetry; and to render poetry by poetry is after all a very rare gift. When the poem is on such a scale and of so singular a quality as the "Divina Commedia," the task becomes formidable to the verge of impossibility. The "Vita Nuova" is a task more possible; yet even among its translators there is but one Rossetti. And the more desperate effort has found overwhelmingly the larger number of attempters. Of them all, scarce any have gained more than a success of esteem. To our thinking, without a man be conscious to himself of very special powers he had better keep the footpath-way of prose. It gives the greater chance to scholarship, and (save in the hands of a poet) is likely to be the more poetical. For nothing is so unpoetical as poor or middling verse; the form stresses the absence of poetry as young dress stresses the absence of youth. Moreover, the majority who cannot read Italian have no means of studying the exact sense of Dante except a prose translation.

It is chiefly for this majority that Mr. Tozer, as he says, has made his version. On this account we the more regret that he should have resolved to render the poet's meaning "as fully and clearly as possible without adhering too literally to the words." To such readers, as we have said, its main advantage over a good metrical version ought to lie in their assurance that it keeps close to the exact expression of Dante. Some departure may occasionally be justifiable or even necessary for reasons of idiomatic correctness or, with cautious reluctance, literary grace. But when Dante writes in effect, "I invest thee with crown and mitre, sovereign over thyself," why should Mr. Tozer turn it, "Over thyself I invest thee with supreme control"? It is the general drift of Dante's meaning, but it is false to his personal turn of expression. The verse of either Cary or Longfellow is here the more literal of the two. And where or what is the gain? Dante, presumably, whose every word was chosen with the most exceptional care, did not so express himself without a purpose; and the reader should at any rate be in a position to judge for himself



of that purpose. A prose-translator takes too much upon himself in assuming such liberties, from which even the metrical translator holds himself debarred; and an instance like this shakes one's trust in the general judgment of Mr. Tozer's deflections from the literal sense. Nevertheless, as a whole we may say with confidence that he has given us a good, scholarly, and literary rendering, which deserves to secure popularity. The notes are helpful and judiciously few; though for his allegorical interpretations—a disputatious matter—the responsibility must sometimes rest with the translator.

## Fiction

**THE SON OF ROYAL LANGBRITH.** By W. D. Howells. (Harper, 6s.) This novel is an excellent illustration of Mr. Howells' most characteristic merits and defects, possessing in full degree his quiet controlled style, his precision and delicacy in psychological analysis, it yet conveys an impression of coldness that a non-American reader might almost call tedious. In this, as in all his other books, the author refuses to break through his constitutional reserve, to really let himself go. In striking contrast to Mr. James, who, revelling unrestrainedly in a really strong situation, will throw it into the most vivid relief, Mr. Howells, owing to what is probably a morbid fear of appearing melodramatic, is unwilling really to make the most of his material. There is unquestionable power in the main theme of the book—the exaggerated idealisation of the memory of an abominable father by a devoted son brought up in ignorance of the true character of the man for whom he possesses so intense a reverence. The paradox culminates in his erecting a memorial tablet to his father's memory in Saxmills, the small New England town whose prosperity was principally due to the latter's energy. For the time being his faith in his father is left undisturbed. His mother lacks the courage to disillusion him, while her friend and would-be husband, Dr. Anther, after vainly persuading others to do that from which he himself shrinks, finds that his conscience bids him be silent inasmuch as his motive for the revelation would be the purely selfish one of breaking down the son's opposition to the marriage. The ethical problem, in fact, is gone into at a length only possible in New England, where moral questions play a morbidly exaggerated part in human life. The chief fault of the novel is, as we have already suggested, a tendency to spread out the interest too much, to concentrate it too little. Of the characters, James Langbrith, who gives his name to the book, succeeds in boring and irritating the reader in the same way in which he bored and irritated many of those with whom he came in contact; Mrs. Langbrith and Dr. Anther convince us as living, but do not stir our imagination; far more interesting are Hawberk, the brilliant inventor, driven to opium by a cruel stratagem of his partner; and Royal Langbrith, the father, "with his feline slyness and feline ferocity," whose sinister figure looms in the background of the whole book.

**IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE.** By Miriam Michelson. (Constable, 6s.) This book, we understand, has been a great success in America. Everybody was reading or wanting to read "In the Bishop's Carriage," and our expectations were high when we opened the book. It is entertaining enough; the adventures of Nance Olden, professional pick-pocket and vaudeville artiste, are brightly and racily told, the incidents of her career are amusing if somewhat improbable, but the book is not literature. We should doubt if the author intended it to be so, or if she had any other ambition than that of amusing her readers. It has a certain swing and "go" which covers deficiencies, and once we have accepted the episode of Nance's ride in the Bishop's carriage with a stolen watch ticking in her waistband and wearing an appropriated hat and cloak, we are ready to accept anything. This is just as well, for Nance's adventures are wonderful indeed. Her escapades as a bell boy in an hotel, where she fills her pockets with diamonds, her burglarious entry into Obermuller's flat and her subsequent conversion

to straighter yet none the less profitable ways, all tax our credulity heavily. The book would have been the better for the exclusion of the last chapter. It is not needed, and rather spoils the account of the first meeting with the Bishop, who, we must say, is not like any bishop we have ever met. "In the Bishop's Carriage" will speed a railway journey or an idle hour or two. The heroine is sufficiently unlike most heroines of fiction, and her life is varied enough to give a certain element of novelty to the story.

**THE DISCIPLINE OF CHRISTINE.** By Mrs. Barré Goldie. (Alston Rivers, 6s.) This book, though making no claim to any particular originality of plot, is pleasingly written. The style is graceful and sincere, coming evidently from the heart of the author, but yet quite devoid of false sentiment. The theme is the child of an erring woman saved at the last moment by her mother's example from following too faithfully in her mother's steps. Kenneth Carruthers, a singularly negative English country gentleman, marries a Frenchwoman against the express wishes of his proud and autocratic mother, who, from the moment that he leaves her, treats him as dead, until, some years after the elopement of his wife with a Captain Goring, an unscrupulous lady-killer, he returns at her request, bringing with him Christine, the beautiful child of his ill-starred marriage. It is with the childhood of this little girl that the first, and by far the better, part of the book is concerned. She is one of the most charming children that we remember meeting—either in fiction or real life. A spoilt child, it is true, full of an ingenuous egoism, yet honourable to the core, and fascinating not only by her purity of spirit, but by her very waywardness. She is, at the beginning, that *rara avis* a child atheist, and even when admitting the possibility of a Deity, says: "If there is a God, he wouldn't put a woman in hell; he must be a gentleman." At the age of nineteen, yielding to the excitement of a young girl's first love, she becomes engaged to that same Captain Goring who had seduced her mother, but is saved at the psychological moment by reading, on the eve of her marriage, a packet containing her mother's confession. The minor characters are all well drawn, particularly Philip, the lame, sensitive young Earl of Claringham, and Miss Enid Hammersley, the semi-smart intrigante.

**BY WHAT AUTHORITY?** By Robert Hugh Benson. (Isbister, 6s. net.) We do not know whether Mr. Benson is a Catholic or not, but we do know that Roman Catholics owe him a debt of gratitude for this book. It is one of the clearest and ablest expositions of the Catholic position at the time of the Reformation that one could wish to read. We presume that Mr. Benson is a Catholic only from the latter portion of his story. At first, so absolutely fair and impartial were his arguments, so generous was he to all religious parties, that we did not accredit him to any particular church. It must not be supposed from this that "By What Authority?" is a religious treatise. On the contrary, it is a thoroughly powerful and intensely interesting historical novel, although religion and politics as they affected religion, are the main themes. The high tone, the purity of thought, and the intense humanity that pervade the whole volume are extraordinary. One simply lives again in those troublous times. One sees Elizabeth and her wonderful Court so finely presented. The men who died for the Catholic religion—Campion, the Jesuit, and the rest—become living men, men who paled and sickened at the sight of the rack, but whose courage never failed at the moment of torture. We have seldom read anything more powerful or more moving than the description of Campion's death. The author has a very uncommon gift of seeing things from more than one point of view; that he can look at both sides of a question this book proves. Altogether a notable and most uncommon work.

**THE BRIDGE OF LIFE.** By Dorothea Gerard (Madame Longard de Longgarde). (Methuen, 6s.) A capital story of sensation; and, what is more, a sharp probing of that little-considered danger, the power for crime—worse still for the exercise of criminal mania—which lies in the hands of a medical man. The author has not quite mastered the full gamut of sensational fiction. She should not forestall her

surprises by explanatory hints—it is the only technical blunder in one of the best “shockers” that have appeared for many a long day. The surprises should come down like a hammer. By the way, Miss Dorothea Gerard may not know that when a man wears trousers he does not wear stockings. Also, it is quite impossible for any well-bred people to speak of “the lieutenant”—it is worse than “the captaining.”

ANATOLE. By Augusta Klein. Illustrated by Patten Wilson. (Dent, 3s. 6d. net.) This tale of mermaids and the sea-folk and the prince and the princess who have their adventures amongst them seems to us to run somewhat on the lines of the rather ordinary sluggish pattern of fairy tale. Yet it is hard to foretell what children will like. But it is questionable whether even Mr. Patten Wilson's illustrations will help the story with the youngsters, for, in spite of much careful work, they also have that lack of fire for which the children crave. Still, as far as it goes, it is a pretty book.

FOR THE OLD LAND. By Charles J. Kirkham. (M. H. Gill & Son, 3s. 6d.) A breezy story of Irish life that seems to show knowledge of the people, at the same time it is free from that sense of tediousness engendered by too close a devotion to dialect and local detail. The author's hand is never heavy; and, though his command of the emotions is not great, he keeps the story jogging lightly through his pages.

## Short Notices

A NEW VARIORUM EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. XIV. (“Love's Labour's Lost”). (Lippincott, 18s.) This further volume in Mr. Howard Furness' American Variorum Edition of Shakespeare has all the features that distinguished the previous volumes. It carefully reproduces, with such emendations only as are necessitated by obvious error, the text and spelling of the Quarto and Folio (the two texts in this case being virtually one, and the Folio clearly printed from the Quarto). At the foot of each page are given the various readings, other than those adopted in Mr. Furness' own text; while below this, again, are given such notes and comments as were necessary, briefly and sparingly. The work is excellently done, allowing the principle of adhering in all things to the original spelling. For ourselves, we could have wished at least some modification of this. Why adhere, for example, to “Berowne” instead of “Biron”? We have no reason to suppose it Shakespeare's own spelling; it is obviously a phonetic spelling, either the compositor's spelling of the name as he heard it read out to him, or (perhaps) the spelling of the prompter's copy, meant to guide the pronunciation of the actor, since Mr. Furness admits the probability that the Quarto was printed from a stolen prompter's copy. But when we universally retain spellings like “Iago” and “Petruchio,” not to name others, Mr. Furness is perhaps only consistent in retaining also “Berowne.” The most interesting, if not the most practically valuable, feature of this, as of previous volumes, are the appendices; especially that which represents, by well-chosen extracts, the course of leading Shakespearean criticism on the play—English, German, and French. Here you may see how many and divergent opinions it is possible to have about a single not very subtle play of Shakespeare's. One of the most curious is a French critic's view that even the wit of the ladies and courtiers in this piece is peculiarly French. To us it seems much of a pattern with that of the Italian Benedick and Beatrice, and of Shakespeare's courtiers in general. Another Frenchman advances the yet more curious view that the play sermonised Elizabeth (who witnessed its performance) on her *taboo* of marriage among her courtiers! That a young poet, courting notice and favour, should begin by a purposed attack, to the Queen's face, on the Queen's darling and most delicately personal prejudice is not thinkable. We may mention, in conclusion, that this admirable edition has a sensible and practical preface. Indeed, an edition more entirely clear-headed and free from editorial crotchets one could not wish. And Shakespeare has been an “only begotten” of crotchets in most who have had to do with him.

WELLINGTON, SOLDIER AND STATESMAN, AND THE REVIVAL OF THE MILITARY POWER OF ENGLAND. By William O'Connor Morris. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnam, 5s.) This volume of a valuable series has a melancholy interest, in that it appears after the death of its well-known author. We are informed, in a note by the editor of the series, that Judge O'Connor Morris had passed the last proofs before he died; but it may fairly be thought that another revision might have been useful. On page 60 “the Carthaginian Phalanx” should surely be “the Macedonian Phalanx”—the regular phalanx formation was not used against the Romans by Hannibal. Hardinge, who is spelt as usual in the account of Albura, is called Harding on page 372 and below the portrait opposite. “Tarbes” for Tarbes, and “Lemans” for Le Mans, on page 245, are annoying slips; and in the account of the battle of Ligny (page 272) the hamlet of Tongrinelle or its parent village of Tongrines is printed “Tougreinées.” “Davout” (so accented) occurs on page 311. These are unimportant, but could have been avoided by a last revision that the author was probably not well enough to give with proper attention. The military parts of the biography—that is, by far the greater part—will be read with most interest. Here, however, the restricted size of the work prevented Judge Morris from arguing disputed points at any length. The descriptions are not always informing to a reader unfamiliar with his Napier or some other history; and the plans, evidently reduced from a larger size, are too full of petty detail to be helpful, nor are the names of the divisions inserted. When the author delivers a positive judgment on a debated point, he is apt to be too dogmatic. For instance, on page 83 he says: “There seems to be little real authority for the statement made by Thiébault and other writers, that Soult was aspiring to the crown of Portugal”—and that when the Marshal allowed placards suggesting his enthronement to be posted up in the streets of Oporto! Again, he takes the view, rejected by most recent writers, that at Waterloo, La Haye Sainte was taken before the great cavalry charges. The character of Marshal Ney, who, carried away by the fighting fury, forgot all the troops he was not personally leading, is enough to settle the point. If the Marshal had carried the farm earlier in the day, he would have improved his advantage at once to shake Wellington's centre, as he did later, and would not have gone off to lead a cavalry attack in another part of the field. Making allowance for the difficulties of compression and description, the book is a good and helpful account of a great man, resting on thorough study of the authorities. The style is one perhaps better suited for discussion than for narration; a large part of a page is often filled by a series of sentences separated by semicolons, where conjunctions would be more natural. English authors are too apt to ignore the general rule that it is best to avoid strings of co-ordinate clauses.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. By Sir Rennell Rodd (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.) No one could be better qualified than Sir Rennell Rodd to write of Raleigh's many-sided life, since the biographer, like his hero, has been a poet as well as a man of action and a champion of the national ideals for which the great Elizabethan fought and suffered. He gives us here in small compass a just and lucid account of Raleigh's ambitions, vicissitudes and calamities, told in English which catches at times an echo of the ample utterance of Elizabeth's days. He does not attempt to deny the “spots on the sun of Raleigh's reputation,” and in dealing with the Court rivalries he displays a spirit of singular fairness. In his pages we recognise the fiery Essex, Sir Walter's lifelong rival, as more lovable, despite his passionate extremes, than the grasping, arrogant man of genius. The author brings out with clearness the one great and selfless purpose which redeemed his hero from the charge of mere unscrupulous personal ambition: the determination to give to England over-seas “a better Indies than the King of Spain hath any.” From his early life on the Devon shore, through his bloody Irish campaign, his ascendancy as Court favourite, we follow Sir Walter to the coast of Virginia, the ill-starred shore of Guiana, the harbour of



Cadiz, where he and Essex—strange comrades in arms—"singd King Philip's beard." To the drama of adventure succeeds the long and dreary epilogue of imprisonment, after a trial disgraceful to the annals of English law, and the scaffold in Palace Yard, where the pioneer of Imperialism became its proto-martyr. Sir Rennell Rodd deals with a subject instinct with romance, and handles it with force and clearness, while here and there a touch of insight or a picturesque phrase betrays the poet's pen.

**SUNSHINE AND SENTIMENT IN PORTUGAL.** By Gilbert Watson. (Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.) Without the slightest pretension to anything save the telling of a story amid rather novel surroundings, Mr. Gilbert Watson, whose recent wander-book "Three Rolling-Stones in Japan" will not have been forgotten, has written a bright and chatty tale of how three men—a German professor, an English mining engineer, and himself—sojourned for some weeks in a cave in the Algarve, digging for bones, and making friends with the peasants. Although the exploration of the limestone caverns for prehistoric remains forms the foundation of the book, it serves the author as an excuse for discoursing upon men and things Portuguese with much fluency and a good deal of picturesque description. The characters of the three friends are not unhappily drawn. Dr. Hans Hadow, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.S., professor of paleontology and zoology, is by no means impossible, even if a trifle exaggerated, and his quaint phrases and indomitable energy, his overpowering desire to rough it on the smallest provocation, and his professional love for every kind of ugly reptile, all combine to make him a very likeable sort of man. The adventure with Eliza Hadow, a quite especially rare and large species of toad, is most happily told. The author, who appears to have been the lazy one of the party, has a sentimental experience with an altogether charming girl, Colomba da Silva, to whom he makes violent love, which is apparently reciprocated, and then leaves her in the lurch. However, it probably is not true, so it does not much matter. The illustrations to the book, by Gilbert James, merit more than a word of praise; they are original, clever, and quite beautifully drawn and reproduced. There is a neo-Japanese touch about them which, without being in the slightest degree incongruous, gives them an individuality which is rare and valuable.

**WANDERINGS IN THE GREAT FORESTS OF BORNEO.** Travels and Researches of a Naturalist in Sarawak. By Odoardo Beccari. Translated by Dr. Enrico H. Giglioli, and revised and edited by F. H. H. Guillemard (Constable, 16s. net.) **WANDER YEARS ROUND THE WORLD.** By James Pinnock. (Unwin, 21s. net.) Nearly forty years have passed away since the days of which Dr. Beccari writes, but no apology seems necessary for his long hesitation. The botanical and other scientific notes with which this interesting volume abounds are as soundly interesting to-day as when they were originally made. More so, indeed, for no one has come forward to correct or add to their value and reliability. Dr. Beccari's work in Borneo and the scientific results thereof have found expression in the pages of various learned societies' publications, and on the shelves and in the drawers of the great museums of Italy and other countries—a monument alike to the author's botanical and zoological knowledge and his tireless zeal as a collector. The value of the book is enhanced by many excellent illustrations, some good maps, and a copious index.

A very different kind of work is Mr. James Pinnock's "Wander Years Round the World," which consists of a staccato-diary of three years' travel along a well-beaten tourist track. There is nothing new, and the author records his impressions of some of the most beautiful sights in the world in the bald tame language of the unimaginative traveller. The book is redeemed by many very good illustrations, but there is no index, which would have been useful for reference as to hotel accommodation or the exact hour at which Mr. Pinnock arrived at Moji in South Japan, or the total dividends paid by the Mount Lyell Mining Company, all of which is duly set forth at length. There is plenty of information in the book, but it is of the kind which

is of no possible interest to anybody save to the author and his immediate family circle—but there are plenty of good maps and pretty pictures.

**THE ANGLO-AFRICAN WHO'S WHO AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH-BOOK.** Edited by Walter H. Wills and R. J. Barrett. 1905. (Routledge, 6s.) To an Anglo-African this is quite the most humorous book of the Christmas season. It contains hundreds of sketchy biographies, all more or less accurate, of African Somebodies and Nobodies. Unfortunately, the proportion of space allotted by the editors appears to be something more than arbitrary. For instance, Lord Milner is vouchsafed exactly one column, whilst that most respectable but dull personality, Mr. J. M. Orpen, rejoices in five columns of biographical platitude. This is typical. The book is remarkable for its omissions. Here are a very few of whom no mention is made, although they have played a considerably more important part in the development of South Africa than many to whom columns are devoted: Edouard Armadeus Lippert, George Pauling, Henry Cleveland Perkins, Gordon Forbes, William Grant, E. Birkenruth, C. Llewelyn Andersson, D. H. Benjamin, Charles Leonard, J. W. Leonard, K.C., John Hays Hammond, W. H. and H. A. Rogers, Hans Sauer, Frank Watkins, and Fred English. Doubtless as many more again might be mentioned, but these will indicate the extent of the book's shortcomings.

**FIFTY YEARS OF FLEET STREET: BEING THE LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR JOHN R. ROBINSON.** Compiled and edited by Frederick Moy Thomas. (Macmillan, 14s. net.) It had been hoped, and indeed anticipated, by many that the late Sir John Robinson had left behind him an autobiography or volume of memoirs which, had it been a careful record of his social encounters, would have been of surpassing interest. But such was not the case. He left some diaries, more or less fragmentary, and a number of closely-written volumes of jottings descriptive of events of which he had been an eye-witness and people he had seen and known. Even from such inspiring material one would have thought that a characteristic volume might have been compiled; but, somehow or another—not, certainly, from lack of sympathy—Mr. Moy Thomas fails to bring before the reader the genial sub-consciously humorous personality of the manager and editor of the "Daily News." There are stories, new and old, good, bad and indifferent, but the real Robinson, the "Robby" of his many friends, does not stand forth as the distinctive editor of the old school, the courtly and kindly journalist who was known to and was kind to every young man who came to him for advice or assistance. It is difficult, too, to tell from the context where the compiler plays off his own bat and where his subject becomes autobiographical. Out of a medley of anecdotes, one of the best relates to the late Queen Victoria, who was impatient of the ordinary evangelical phraseology. When one of the Court ladies said, "Oh, Madam, how delightful it will be in heaven to see the prophets and saints of the past; to see Abraham and Moses and Elijah and David!" Her Majesty replied: "No, no; nobody will ever persuade me to know David." The life of a journalist thirty years ago was evidently far different and less strenuous than it is to-day, and this interesting book shows vividly the contrast between that time and the present.

**IANTO THE FISHERMAN, AND OTHER SKETCHES OF COUNTRY LIFE.** By Alfred W. Rees. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.) Ianto the Fisherman is a wonderful old poacher who is not to be taken, so the author tells us, as a type. His fishing and his tussle with the gipsy make good reading, and, together with "The Keeper's Dogs," this portion of the book (made up of articles that have appeared in papers and magazines) is better than the country sketches at the end. Really, the "Blackbird's Note" and the "Thirsty Sunbaked Earth" are getting just a trifle stale as material for reading matter. Miss F. H. Laverock's drawings are good and distinctive. There is some of the Japanese feeling for motion in her illustration "Brown Trout."

**IMPRESSIONS.** By J. M. Stuart-Young. (Sunderland: Keystone Press, 1s.) The sub-title, "Casual Jottings

from the Notebook of a Journalist in Western Africa," is indicative of the character of this book. The pity is that we have too much of the casual jottings and too little of Western Africa. A description of the life of Liberia, where Mr. Young resided for some time, would apparently have proved interesting, as, judging by this book, Mr. Stuart-Young can write with fluency and vigour; but, instead, he has treated the reader to a series of apophthegms and short dissertations on things in general, only occasionally relieved by sketches of West African life. The philosophy of the author is very often trite, his tone is frequently dogmatic, but he writes with unmistakable sincerity.

**VOCALISM.** By W. H. Breare. (Simpkin, Marshall, 6s. net.) Every voice-producer—there are, alas! few singing masters nowadays—has a jargon entirely his own. Happily for their victims—or are they patients?—they are able to pattern what they are describing. An author, however, with mere words as his material can convey but little as to the teaching of singing or, as Mr. Breare describes his book, the structure and culture of vocalism. In the first place, vocalism must be taken to mean exclusively the science of vowel sounds, and, as such, it is only part of a subject. In fact, all through this singularly unsystematic presentation of a system the writer seems to use words after a method quite his own. He speaks, for instance, of the "sustenance of the harmonium." This, like the greater part of the book, is, we fear, for the plain man a little too cryptic.

**FRENCH SONGS OF OLD CANADA.** By W. Graham Robertson. (Heinemann, 21s. net.) Mr. Graham Robertson has already given us much fine work, but nothing quite so good, so fresh, so individual as the illustrations to this beautiful volume. Were the songs themselves of no interest the book should be possessed by every true lover of the artistic. The artist has the gift of colour, bold masses are handled by him with vigour and effect, bold contrasts of light and shade are not shunned, yet are not a mere mannerism, freedom of line is not lacking. It is always difficult to convey the charm of art work by verbal description and we will content ourselves with advising all who love a beautiful book to take pains to secure this one.

**BURNE-JONES.** By Fortunée de Lisle. (Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.) An author is, of course, at liberty to treat a subject from any point of view, and in the preface to this book we are told not to expect a detailed biography—an unnecessary warning, for it would be impossible to compress into so short a space a complete story of the life and art of Burne-Jones. We are also told what we may anticipate—the expressed emotions of one who loves the artist. This information is conveyed by the use of William Morris' familiar quotation with reference to the cathedrals of North France; and here the trouble begins. That quotation in the preface is multiplied a hundredfold in the text of the book, till we are weary of re-reading passages which we have marked for ourselves in our Pre-Raphaelite library. Admiration may have to be displayed between inverted commas, but love is a creative power which ever seeks and finds an individual form of expression. The keynote of Burne-Jones' art, and of the whole Pre-Raphaelite movement, is indeed individuality. Did not Rossetti instil into Burne-Jones the principle that it is better to express self imperfectly than to copy perfectly the masterpieces of predecessors? And we have such conclusive evidence to prove that our author need not have resorted to quotations, for even though we are annoyed by their use, the book still leaves a distinct impression of sympathetic interpretation. We catch the spirit of enthusiasm which helped the artist to achieve success, and by reflex action we wax enthusiastic as we read the story of his career as told by Fortunée de Lisle.

#### Reprints and New Editions

I take it I am entitled to consider myself one of those who are able to appreciate books, "the beauty of which depends not on extraneous ornament, but on a simple and dignified use of type, combined with perfect presswork"; for I have certainly lost my heart to Messrs. Bell's edition of

**KEATS' POEMS** (two vols., 25s. net). But then I cannot conceive of anyone so unappreciative as not to do so. These two foolscap quarto volumes are examples of rarely perfect letterpress, in itself decorative and dignified enough to satisfy the most fastidious. The delicacy of the white linen binding, chastely designed by Mr. W. L. Bruckman, is protected by a stout wrapper. This is necessary for those who cannot keep these volumes behind glass doors, their proper environment. I should mention, too, that the edition is limited, so that those who covet a copy must lose no time. Many a man and woman, I am sure, will be tempted to make themselves a Christmas present of it—friends unfortunately do not always anticipate our wants correctly. Another covetable set of books in the Ruskin reprints is **MODERN PAINTERS**, in six volumes (Allen, leather 24s., cloth 18s. net). The price for these reprints is rather more than usual owing to the extra cost involved in the inclusion of all the illustrations. We have waited long for an edition of "Modern Painters" that should be within the means of the man with a moderate income. Now we have it we shall all be grateful, I am sure. If I may venture to pick a small hole in this particular set of Ruskin volumes, I would say that I find it almost impossible to cut the pages, as they frequently stick tightly together. It is a work of labour and time. Otherwise it is a truly delightful reprint.—Two new volumes in Collins' Pocket Novels—**THE WOMAN IN WHITE** and **SILAS MARNER** (2s. and 1s. each net). One is reminded of the enormous vogue "The Woman in White" once had. I suppose it is still read, or this reprint would not be in my hand. After all, Wilkie Collins' conviction that the primary object of a work of fiction should be to tell a story was no bad one, and if some of our novelists thought likewise we might be spared some of the disjointed, aimless works of fiction that now crowd the booksellers' shops. Unfortunately, Wilkie Collins fitted his figures to his plots, that is why we so often find it impossible to believe in such men as Count Fosco; but the really great writer, of course, does the reverse, although that does not prevent his telling a good yarn. Such a book as "Silas Marner" shows up this defect in Wilkie Collins, but then I take it they appeal to very different classes of readers.—I cannot say that **SHIRLEY** (New Century Library, Nelson, cloth 2s. net) was ever a favourite of mine. I never admitted her to a place in my affections as I did Lucy Snowe in "Villette." Shirley had more character and spirit than either Jane Eyre or Lucy Snowe, but somehow I never liked her. No doubt, however, she does not lack admirers, and to them I recommend this neat, handy little edition.—Were there ever more delightful children's verses than those of Eugene Field? Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse" has long been treasured by me, but until now I have not had a really worthy edition of Field. Now I can place **POEMS OF CHILDHOOD** (Lane, 10s. 6d.) on my shelves, and very glad I am to have such an elegantly bound and prettily illustrated volume. Indeed, the illustrations, by Mr. Maxfield Parrish, are quite notable. They are full of grace and fancy; some of them are treasures in themselves. One turns over the pages and reads here a verse, there a line—charming all; the work of a true poet, the poet laureate of children. Here is that old favourite "A Little Peach in an Orchard Grew," with a quaint illustration to "And then the trouble began to brew"; now we come to

"Wynken Blynken and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—  
Sailed on a river of crystal light  
Into a sea of dew."

And here we come across "The Bottle Tree" and "Little Boy Blue." Indeed a book of gems that age can never dim. I anticipate a great demand for it this Christmastide.—A cheap little reprint that will always find a welcome is **TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS** (Macmillan, 3s. and 2s. net). The story of this "robust and combative urchin" who at the age of four began to defy his nurse's authority, will never be ousted from boyish favour by more wonderful happenings, because, being on the whole so true a picture of schoolboy life, it will never ring false. It is pleasant to be reminded



that a lad can be manly without being brutal. The oldsters will appreciate the drawings of Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan, which will remind them, if not of their own schooldays, of those of their fathers.—It is a curious coincidence that I should find side by side with "Tom Brown" Dean Stanley's *LIFE OF THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D., HEADMASTER OF RUGBY* (Murray, 2s. 6d. net). I quote from Tom Hughes' preface: "And what gave Rugby boys this character [of earnestness] and has enabled the school, I believe, to keep it to this day? I say fearlessly—Arnold's teaching and example; above all, that part of it which has been, I will not say sneered at, but certainly not approved—his unwearied zeal in creating 'moral thoughtfulness' in every boy with whom he came into personal contact." Arnold certainly did great work at Rugby, and it is pleasant to see that there is a demand for a reprint of Stanley's *Life*. It is an entirely satisfactory volume.—One more book—*BEVIS*, by Richard Jefferies (Duckworth, 6s.). Everybody who has known Bevis in the same author's "Wood Magic" will be delighted to meet him again in this present volume where, grown somewhat older, he sets sail in a boat, makes a real gun, and goes forth to shoot an otter. It is a delightful book, and I hope that this its third issue may introduce it to many girls and boys who will not know what they have missed until they have read it. Then they will set to work and read it again. I agree with Mr. E. V. Lucas, who says of it: "As a book for boys 'Bevis,' I think, stands alone in its blend of joy in the open air, sympathetic understanding of boy nature, and most admirable writing." Santa Claus, remember "Bevis"!

F. T.-S.

### Forthcoming Books, &c.

Messrs. Luzac & Co. announce that they have in the Press a new edition of W. G. Aston's "Grammar of the Written Japanese Language." This new edition will form the fifth volume of their series of Oriental Grammars, and is to be ready shortly.—The publication of the Oxford University Press colotype facsimile of the autograph manuscript of Keats' "Hyperion," which is limited to 195 copies, has been postponed until January, so that the altered version of the same poem, which the poet composed in the autumn of 1819, under the title of "The Fall of Hyperion: a Vision," may be published as an appendix.

## New Books Received

### Theological and Biblical

- MacLaren, Dr. A., *Expositions of Scripture: the Book of Genesis* (Hodder & Stoughton), 7/6.  
 Chadwick, S., *Humanity and God* (Hodder & Stoughton), 5/0.  
 Sermons preached in St. Edmund's College Chapel, with Introduction by the Most Rev. F. Bourne (Burns & Oates), 5/0.  
 Horne, the Rev. C. Silvester, *All Things are Yours* (Isbister), 3/6.  
 Henson, Canon H. Hensley, *Notes on Popular Rationalism* (Isbister), 3/6.  
 Hare, W. L., *Religion; and Hindoo Religion* (Daniel), 0/6 net each.  
 Hedderwick, J. A., *Do We Believe? an Analysis of a Great Correspondence* (Watts), 0/6.  
 Christianity and Rationalism on Trial (Watts), 0/6.  
 Figgis, J. M., *Christianity and History* (Finch), 2/0 net.  
 Empirical Essays, by the author of "Unthinkables" (Morton).  
 Sabatier, A., *The Doctrine of the Atonement and Religion and Modern Culture* (Williams & Norgate), 4/6.  
 Harnack, A. (translated by J. Moffatt, D.D.), *The Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries*, Vol. I. (Williams & Norgate), 10/6.  
 Petre, M. D. (compiled by), *The Soul's Orbit* (Longmans), 4/6 net.  
 Horder, W. G., *The Newly-found Words of Jesus* (Brown, Langham), 2/0 net.  
 Mason, A. J., D.D., *The Visions of Zechariah* (Brown, Langham), 2/6 net.  
 Mortimer, the Rev. A. G., D.D., *The Chief Virtues of Man* (Brown, Langham), 2/0 net.

### Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

- Fox-Smith, Cicely, *Wings of the Morning* (Elkin Mathews), 3/6 net.  
 Nott, V., *Cleopatra with Antony* (Greening), 2/6 net.  
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### Booksellers' Catalogues

- Messrs. Parker & Son (*General and Christmas List*), Oxford; Messrs. Myers & Co. (*Topographical Views*), 59 High Holborn; Mr. R. Hall (*General*), Tunbridge Wells; Mr. A. Sutton (*General*), Manchester; Mr. F. Edwards (*Canada*), 83 High Street, Marylebone; Mr. T. Thorp (*General*), 100 St. Martin's Lane.

## My Book of Memory—XI

As I turn over the pages of my book of memory I find many old familiar faces, drawn by masters of the pen, by great writers of great fiction and of great drama. Often have endeavours vain been made to allot detailed rank to men of letters and to compare the merits of the one with those of the other; vain must such efforts ever be, for we have no scales whereon literary merit may be weighed. Nearly equal is the difficulty of judging whether or not a writer can lay just claim to a place amongst the first of his craft. But as regards novelists and dramatists I venture to hold the opinion that there is a touchstone whereby pure metal can be distinguished from alloy, and it is this: that no writer of stories or of plays may be placed in the first rank of his fellows who has not added living characters to the habitants of his country, who has not out of the regions of his fancy brought added numbers to the people of his race.

By living characters I mean such folk as Falstaff, Juliet, Christian, Sir Roger de Coverley, Dr. Primrose, Partridge, Parson Adams, the Antiquary, Jeannie Deans, Becky Sharp, Micawber, Mrs. Gamp—such folk as we speak of in conversation as though they were limned in the pages of history not of fiction. How many such characters there are, painted by how few hands. Chaucer has drawn himself for us; then we pass on to Shakespeare. Bunyan, Addison, Fielding, Goldsmith, Defoe, Sterne, Sheridan, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens; there may be a few more, but I recall them not at this moment. How few creators, but how many friends they have given to us—to me, at any rate; for you I may not answer. There are indeed two others I would add—Charles Lamb, who was not altogether Elia any more than Elia was altogether Lamb; and brave George Borrow, of whom a similar remark may be registered: he was not altogether Lavengro. It is only the very greatest masters of the imagination whom we remember not so quickly by what they wrote as by the friends they have introduced to us. Let us not talk of the master, but turn to Addison. Name him and what other name crops up instant? Addison—Sir Roger; Goldsmith—Dr. Primrose and good-humoured Tony; Sterne—Uncle Toby; Sheridan—Joseph Surface, Charles, Mrs. Malaprop; Thackeray—Colonel Newcome, Becky, the Major; Dickens—next to the master he has in this matter of friends given us most. Mere acquaintances do not count for greatness, only friends.

There are certain books I read again and again simply because there are friends in them whom I delight to meet again and again, of whose comradeship I never tire, whose voices never sing harsh or untrue. How many dear ladies have I loved; of Shakespeare's children Beatrice and Perdita have been loves of mine. Sophia, Amelia, Emma, Helen Pendennis, Beatrix, Dora, the "boofer lady," I have loved—I do love. There is no fickleness in this; whoever of them be with me I love her the best, not loving any of the others the less therefor. But I grow paradoxical, which is a way of danger. How many good comrades have I; I have jested with Mercutio and joked with many a clown; have walked in Westminster Abbey with Sir Roger; sat by the winter fireside with the Vicar; cracked a bottle with Tony and Charles Surface; smoked many a pipe with Warrington and gossipped in the club window with the Major; have tramped

from London to Dover with David and played cards with Swiveller and the Marchioness. All the which will I do again and again and again. What man in the world can be lonely with so many lady-loves and so many true companions?

I have sometimes dreamed that all these folk have really lived, that it is the gift of genius to see men and women in the world who are invisible to our short-sighted eyes. I have dreamed that some day, perhaps, to those of us who have loved them aright will be granted the splendid pleasure of meeting with them; no longer figures conjured up by the mind's eye, but living, talking, hand-grasping men and women. Perchance some day I may be privileged to kiss the taper fingers of my Lady Esmond or to walk arm-in-arm with Benedick.

But however it all may be and putting fancies on one side, have we not much reason to be grateful toward those great masters who have painted these portraits for us, the grandest national portrait gallery a nation could possess?

Draw the curtains, for the night is damp and chill; light the candles, stir up the fire, draw up the cosy old-fashioned armchairs, one for yourself at one side the fireplace, the other for—whom will you ask to be your guest? I feel to-night that I would have cheerful company and a lovely face, so come Rosalind away from Arden, which is no place for wintry weather; come and sit down before me, converse with me. Ah, happy Orlando! What is this racket I hear across the way? Peeping out through the blind I note that my neighbour opposite has lighted up his house and is entertaining his friends. He is wealthy and can afford to do so. So am I, wealthier than he, for his gold is mere dross, whereas my treasures are lasting and pure. Who are his friends? Mere everyday men and women, poor folk forsooth, with whom I would not consort even if they would permit me so to do. But *my* friends! They are immortals; they have lived before me, have been friends to many generations; they will be so to many generations yet to come. They are never previously engaged when I bid them to my house; they care not what entertainment I offer them, so that I treat them with affection, respect and above all with understanding. They do not sneer if I have no red carpet spread upon the pavement or tall flunkeys at my door; they are friends for friendship sake, not for the sake of fashion or of lucre. I am abstemious in my habits, yet now and again I fill me a glass of red wine; I rise and propose a toast, sometimes to one friend or one love by name; sometimes to all good women and good fellows—my friends. I do not set forth the toast with empty compliments and well-turned phrases, but I raise my glass, crying merely: "To you—my friends!"

All dreams, all figments, all shadows? Fie, be not rude to my good friends. What hurt have they done to thee? Is it well to live with those who never were alive, you say? Never alive? They lived before you and I; they live now; they are immortal. He is but half a man who can only realise realities; he is a madman who can only visualise dreams; but I hold him to be a sound, sane fellow who lives both in the world of fact and in the world of fancy. At least, I pray he may be so, for such a one am I.

E. G. O.



## The Human Will

### II. Reflex Action

**T**HE amoeba, or the human germ, is a single cell, complete in itself. When it withdraws from a dangerous object it performs the functions of the sensory nerve, the nerve-centres, the motor nerve and the muscles, which enable you to perceive and avoid an imminent hansom. In each case the action is essentially reflex; but in order to understand what is meant by this term we must know what is meant by a *reflex arc*. This typically consists of a sensory nerve fibre, such as, let us say, the optic nerve; a sensory cell, such as those from which the fibres of the optic nerve are derived; and a motor cell and fibre, such as those which control the muscular tissues of the iris. When a beam of light enters the eye, the reflex arc is called into action, the iris is stimulated and the pupil contracts. This is one of the hundreds of reflex actions which are constantly taking place in us. It is entirely independent of consciousness, the centre for visual consciousness, at the back of the brain, not being concerned in the process. Now from a pure reflex action such as this we may go a stage further. Consciousness of an approaching fist may be aroused by the beam of light, and in this case the reflex arc will be slightly different. The sensory half of the arc will be similar, but the motor half will consist of the nerve that runs to the eyelid, and you will blink or wink. Yet though your consciousness is involved, the action is so far from being voluntary that a considerable effort of will is necessary to prevent it from taking place.

It is to the illustrious Descartes, renowned alike as mathematician and metaphysician, that we owe the discovery of reflex action, which now plays such a part in physiology and psychology.

When we come to examine the nervous system of one of the higher animals or of man we find that it may be regarded as an infinitely complex congeries of reflex arcs, to be numbered by at least thousands of millions. But each sensory nerve-fibre that constitutes the ingoing half of each of these reflex arcs may convey a stimulus that will issue in action in any one or any group of the voluntary or involuntary muscles of the body. Under varying conditions, a blow on a given area of your leg may cause you to advance it by way of offence, to withdraw it by way of defence, to start running in one of many directions, to use your arms pugnaciously or to grasp some supporting object with them, to scream or to laugh, to curse or to pray—the outgoing or motor half of the reflex arc may thus vary. Yet, in health, the “will” is not divided: you will definitely do one of these things and not another: you will not simultaneously attempt half a dozen incompatible acts. Let us take a simple but most significant instance. Two objects are simultaneously presented to your vision. Each of them sends an impulse from the part of the retina struck by the rays of light that make it visible; each demanding that the eyeball be so moved that the most sensitive part of the retina be directed towards the object, so that it may be the more clearly defined. Now if these two stimuli were added together, so to speak, the eyeball would be swung too far round, and neither object would be clearly seen. On the other hand, if an average or mean were struck between the two stimuli the eyeball would swing round not far enough for clear vision of the one object, but too far for clear vision of the other. Neither of these results is observed. On the

contrary, one of the stimuli definitely inhibits or arrests the action of the other, and the eyeball is swung just so far as will make the image of one of the two objects fall exactly on the most sensitive spot of the retina.

This discovery, typical of all action, we owe to Professor Sherrington, who discussed his years of work upon this subject in his Presidential Address to the section of Physiology at the last meeting of the British Association. By discovering that reflexes inhibit one another he has not only explained how it is that this amazingly complex nervous system of ours acts as a Unity, but he has gone very far to explain that phenomenon which most strikingly illustrates this unity, namely, the phenomenon of *attention*. When we *attend*, one series of sensory fibres—such as those of the auditory nerve when we listen with individual attention to a sermon or a song—has taken possession of what Professor Sherrington calls the *common path*, and has inhibited the action of all other sensory impulses. We do not want to cough, because that reflex is inhibited: but if the sermon be dull, the whole congregation will soon be a-coughing. The *common path* is like the trunk line of the telephone: when one subscriber has gained possession of it, all the others must wait. Professor Sherrington's work is the most important advance in our knowledge of volition since Spencer discovered its genesis in reflex action half a century ago.

Ere I conclude I must note what has doubtless occurred to the reader. Whilst will emerges from reflex action, to reflex action will can return. You remember your early strivings, with intent will, at the piano or the cricket-nets or in learning good manners? Yet now you can play or bat or be courteous with an ease which is hardly distinguishable from automatism. Practice makes perfect: that is to say, practice cultivates the power of one set of reflex arcs until they can always be relied upon, without effort, to inhibit their antagonists. You positively cannot help playing a straight bat or doing the correct thing.

Will, indeed, is the expression of imperfection. The perfect batsman “times the ball” so well, the perfect saint does the saintly thing, without any consciousness of effort—that is, of will. It “comes natural” to him. Of course, it may have “come natural” from the first. The “born gentleman” has his reflexes courteously contrived from the first. The rest of us acquire easy manners only through a period of conscious effort.

C. W. SALEEBY.

## Women in Art

**T**HE “Women's International” is by far the best art society that this country has, so far, given us for the exhibition of paintings by women, and it is full of promise, as it is full of hope, that woman is shedding the Ruskin sentimentality and coming to find that she is capable of creating more subtle and vigorous emotions than the stippled teazy wiry little flower-piece. Art societies of women have been the critic's despair, especially to those of us who know what women can do abroad. Cecilia Bean, Sarah Stilwell, Elizabeth Shippen Green and Jessie Willcox Smith in America stand forth to-day as women of most brilliant talents who strive for the highest achievement in their art alongside of America's most ambitious painters; and they have won laurels of which any man might be proud, whilst in England the Royal Academy has honoured only the mediocre and the commonplace. If any one take sufficient interest

in art to-day to test this fact, let him betake himself to the Chantrey Bequest and look at the works by women that hang on the walls; and, mark you, these are picked works bought by authority. Let him take some pages torn out of "Harper's Magazine" with black-and-white drawings by any of these American women, or a print from a portrait by Cecilia Bean, or let him purchase that quite delightful "Book of the Child," with its masterly colour-print at the end by Jessie Willcox Smith, of the child searching its stocking in bed on Christmas morning, and let him compare the very least of these with the above-mentioned pictures by women, and he will see the appalling mediocrity of what appears to be our national achievement. Fortunately he will be drawing false conclusions. The "Women's International" will give him pause to ponder. Here, at any rate, amidst much wasted effort, he will find that there are women like Miss Barbara Porter who know what art means, who realise that it is not mere careful drawing or a mere transcript from nature—women who have listened to the meaning, the song, of life, and who try to state its emotions in terms of colour. And even in such of the endeavour as has not succeeded there is on these walls scarcely a canvas that does not show the right feeling for art, the right recognition of the mighty fact that art must state an emotion. But let us go back to Miss Barbara Porter's landscape—perhaps the most remarkable and powerful piece in this healthy and vigorous exhibition. The sunlight falls across a meadow, there is a little low hill beyond the pollarded trees; in front is a bridge, across which a countrywoman carries two pails, and the shadows strike the foreground waters of the little stream she is crossing. No heroics, no "fake," no false sentiment. But the picture sings of the meadows and is fragrant with the scent of the summer's day—the sky is full of the light airs of heaven, the waters swirl languidly. And there is not a blade of grass dissected—there is the whole emotion set down with a largeness and a mastery and a beauty of statement in which strength and subtlety are splendidly balanced—its joyous expression is sheer delight. Across the great gallery—a gallery full of forceful work—it calls like a live thing. Close to it one revels in the beauty of its technical detail. Miss Barbara Porter ought indeed to make a big name for herself. But my space is near at an end. Mademoiselle Stettler, of Paris, sends two excellent canvases of children—"Children Playing" and "The Cake-Walk"—in which very childhood is stated with rare instinct and truth; but I would keep my sense of pride for the Englishwomen. The closest rival to Miss Porter is the painter of that little masterpiece, "The Pont St. Michel," a superb small work in which the bridge loved of so many artists who have lived delightful days of youth by the Latin quarter is rendered with a precious and never-to-be-forgotten charm. Indeed, Miss Constance Lloyd delights one with all she does, especially with the daintily stated "Only a Face at the Window," which breathes the fascination of Paris—and what a fascination it is!

HALDANE MACFALL.

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## Correspondence

### Dr. Howitt and the Origin of Totemism

SIR,—IN THE ACADEMY (December 3, page 544), Mr. Laurence Gomme writes: "On totemism Dr. Howitt rejects the theory of Mr. Lang . . . and inclines to Dr. Haddon's theory, and towards that put forward by Dr. Frazer and Messrs. Spencer and Gillen." As Dr. Howitt also furnishes another hypothesis of his own, he appears to "incline" to three separate theories and only to reject one, namely mine. The fact is that (as Dr. Howitt and I are agreed) Messrs. Frazer, Spencer and Gillen have put forward, as far as I am aware, no theory of the origin of totemism. Their opinion is, or was, that "the primary function of a totemic group" is to do magic for the good of its totem, as an article of tribal food supply. As it happens, this function of the totemic group or kin is not found to exist among Dr. Howitt's most primitive, but usually among the most socially advanced, tribes. Dr. Howitt tries to account for this by "the far more favourable conditions" in which the South-East tribes live ("Native Tribes of South-East Australia," page 152). The central tribes, I presume, do totemic magic because they have a scantier food supply, just as we breed trout because our trout are scarcer than of old. Unluckily for this argument, totemic magic notoriously flourishes most among tribes with far larger food supply than any black Australians possess, namely among the agricultural Red Indians. Thus it is the more primitive tribes who do not work magic for their totems, and it is the most advanced and least primitive tribes who do. Mr. Spencer tries to prove that the South-Eastern primitive tribes do, or once did, work totem magic. Dr. Howitt differs from him *toto calo*, and Dr. Howitt, as an initiated tribesman, must know. So far there is no presumption raised that magic is "the primary function of a totemic group"; quite the reverse. Mr. Hartland has suggested that totemic magical societies are rather notes of a waning and decadent than of a pristine totemism, with good reason. But, be this as it may, the magical totemic groups, as Dr. Howitt writes (page 153), "are seen to be fully formed, and the question still remains, How was it that men assumed the names of objects" (say, Kangaroo, Emu, Hakea flower, &c.) "which in fact must have been the commencement of totemism?" So far Dr. Howitt is entirely of my opinion, as stated in "Social Origins" (1903). My answer was that the animal and other names were given from without, by group to group; that the names stuck, were stereotyped, and thus "each group would come to answer to its nickname." Here Dr. Howitt parts company from me. He writes (page 154), "To me, judging of the possible feelings of the pristine ancestors of the Australians by their descendants of the present time, it seems most improbable that any such nicknames would have been adopted, and have given rise to totemism; nor do I know of a single instance in which such nicknames have been adopted." He then gives such instances in certain tribes, e.g. the Yuin, where the names come "from special varieties of food." But he gives no instances when treating of Yuin personal and family names (page 739). Of course, as each kin (or, with male descent, each group) has already its totem name, Dr. Howitt cannot expect to see them adopting new animal names given from without. But he can see individuals answering to animal names given from without. Messrs. Spencer and Gillen write ("Native Tribes of Central Australia," page 638): "An individual often has what may be called a 'nickname,' arising from some strongly marked feature in his figure, or from some fancied resemblance to a plant or animal." I suppose that these black individuals "answer to" their nicknames. At all events, two of the proudest clans in the Highlands have "adopted," from time immemorial, two very derogatory nicknames—"Wry Nose" and "Crooked Mouth" (the Camerons and Campbells, whose names I translate, following Mr. McBain's "Gaelic Etymological Dictionary"). If the fiery Celt is thus amenable to ugly nicknames, why not the prehistoric black follow to animal



names which he deems honourable? Again, many South African tribes think it not strange that nicknames should be adopted among themselves, for they aver that the animal names of their tribes—Baboon, Alligator, and other *siboko*, were originally nothing but nicknames. Dr. Howitt gives (page 154) a theory which he can "imagine more easily" than mine. I also can "imagine" it, but it does not fit the case, because it presumes that totemism began at a period when descent was reckoned in the male line, on which see Mr. Fison to the contrary (Fison and Howitt, "Kamilaroi and Kurnai," pages 165-167). Now Dr. Howitt also thinks, as almost every one does, that totemism began when descent was reckoned in the female line. His imagination, therefore, does not agree with his premisses. I acknowledge "the weight of his great authority," but I do not see that it "does much to the solution of the problem."—Yours, &c.

A. LANG.

### Charles Lamb

SIR,—One is almost inclined to doubt whether it will ever be possible for those who write about Charles Lamb to do so without avoiding inaccuracies of various kinds. Certainly the time does not yet appear to have arrived, as it is at present impossible to read most of the articles on the subject without being confronted with numberless errors—some due, apparently, to hasty composition; others, one might almost say, to ignorance; whilst still others are caused by the writer trusting too confidently to his memory, the consequence being that he neglects to verify his references. Into an error due to the latter cause Mr. E. V. Lucas appears to have fallen, in an interesting article on "Charles Lamb's Commonplace Books" in the current number of "The Cornhill Magazine." Had it been merely an error as to date, such, for instance, as the statement that the essays on Sir Philip Sidney's sonnets appeared in "The London Magazine" for September 1822 instead of September 1823, it would not have been of sufficient importance to call attention to, but as it is one which might lead those but slightly acquainted with Lamb to draw therefrom an entirely erroneous conclusion as to his character, it would seem to call for correction. Among the cuttings in Lamb's "Commonplace Books," Mr. Lucas informs us, is De Quincey's paper "On the knocking at the gate in Macbeth," from "The London Magazine," in connection with which Mr. Lucas writes: "Lamb told Julius Hare [it] was better than any one else could write—except himself; the speaker adding, 'and I couldn't write anything better.'" If Lamb had a moment before said it was better than anyone else could write except himself, what need for him to add "and I couldn't write anything better"? This, on the face of it, seems to stamp the anecdote as inaccurate. Further, an author who could call such a beautiful piece of prose as "Blakesmore in H—shire" "a futile effort" would be, one is inclined to think, the last person in the world to talk as Mr. Lucas has made him talk. What Lamb *did* say is to be found in the "Life of Daniel Macmillan," by Tom Hughes. In a letter to the Rev. D. Watt, dated September 29, 1842, Macmillan writes as follows: "He [Archdeacon Hare] spoke in the most affectionate manner of Charles Lamb. He dined with him and a large party of literati once. De Quincey was there. . . . Hare was sitting next to Lamb; De Quincey was on the opposite side of the table. Lamb touched Hare, and said quite loud, so that the whole table might hear him: 'Do you see that little man?' (pointing to De Quincey). 'Well, though he is so little, he has written a thing about Macbeth better than anything I could write—no, not better than anything I could write, but I could not write anything better.'"—Yours, &c.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

### Celtomania and Science

SIR,—Whether or no Mr. Alfred Nutt is justified in his strictures upon the Pan-Celtic Congress address by Sir William Preece I am not competent to decide; but there can be no doubt about the injustice of your correspondent's sneers at scientific training. It is surely obvious that a man who has made a name in natural science is not necessarily an

authority on every subject under the sun and beyond it. Sir William, indeed, confessed he spoke as an amateur; and if he has blundered a little in a subject new to him, is there anything really so very extraordinary in that? Was not Sir William's modest confession sufficient for Mr. Nutt? Does your correspondent consider that every statement in the address should have been prefixed by "So far as I know," "It seems to me," and so forth? The hearers would have felt it to be a little tedious, I think. Will not Mr. Nutt "own up" that "natural science" is his *bête noire*, and that he was ready for any opportunity of taking a "whack" at it?—Yours, &c.

J. B. WALLIS.

### "The Human Will"

SIR,—May I write a word or two with regard to Dr. Saleeby's suggestion that, on the theory declaring each of us to be "what heredity and environment have made him," you cannot consistently punish, praise, blame, nor subscribe to the penal laws? Did penal law ever pretend to be just to the criminal? For a society of potential sinners it is a very necessary part of environment, and heredity sees to it that few are eager to neglect its warning. Environment must be adjusted to control the lower side of heredity, for, on the opening theory, their joint responsibilities are great. "If no one can help doing anything," law, praise, blame and punishment are the necessary work of involuntary agents. They serve their purpose in a world that does not expect consistency; for few can help being in some degree restrained, stimulated, or depressed by their respective agencies. But, on the hypothesis that man is wholly the tool of heredity and environment, all the more, and none the less, is it consistent that environment be adapted to modify from without the less tangible, and inner part of the machine.—Yours, &c.

W. L.

### Animal Suffering and a Good God

SIR,—I am in thorough accord with "D. P.'s" observations. His contentions are substantially supported by eminent modern naturalists. Wallace, "Darwinism," Chapter II.:—" . . . The popular idea of the struggle for existence entailing misery and pain on the animal world is the very reverse of the truth. What it really brings about is, the maximum of life and of the enjoyment of life with the minimum of suffering and pain. Given the necessity of death and reproduction—and without these there could have been no progressive development of the organic world—and it is difficult even to imagine a system by which a greater balance of happiness could have been secured." Darwin, "Origin," Chapter III.:—" . . . We may console ourselves with the full belief that the war of nature is not incessant, that no fear is felt, that death is generally prompt, and that the vigorous, the healthy and the happy survive and multiply." Other distinguished scientists corroborate. Further, be it remembered (1) that many of these sufferings are prophylactic—hence beneficent and necessary; (2) that fascination and temporary nerve paralysis deaden or destroy pain in victims of beasts and birds of prey; and (3) that people mislead and distress themselves by attributing human feelings, &c., to the lower animals. Therefore, Tennyson's pathetic "Nature red in tooth and claw," &c., is clear travesty of the truth; and with Sir Henry Thompson (see his essay, "The Unknown God") we may rest confident in the far-reaching wisdom and benevolence of God: that Mighty Power in and behind the Universe.—Yours, &c.

G. E. BIDDLE.

### Australian Tribal Communities

SIR,—Although, trusting probably too much to the sagacity of the average mortal, a writer in your issue for December 3, 1904, page 544, col. 1, declares the following statement to be "clear," it seems to require elucidation: "In the Australian tribes there are geographical divisions of the community determined by locality and also by divisions of the tribe on which the marriage relations are based. The former are distinguished by local names, the latter by class names or totems." What I find the ordinary reader wants to know is (1) how a geographical division can be determined by any division of a tribe based on marriage

regulations, and (2) the application of the words *former* and *latter*. When the writer goes on to remark: "The important point about it is the force of the local influence. It is the underlying factor of Australian society. That it is crossed . . ." (the italics are mine), comprehension of the previous sentences is imperative in order that one may understand the bearing of it. A further remark, in the last paragraph but one of the article I refer to, that perhaps a certain sentence contains a phase of primitive society, has doubtless puzzled many of your readers besides—Yours, &c.

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

## Monthly Prize Competition AWARD

"Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century."

By SIDNEY LEE. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

**N**EARLY twenty years ago Matthew Arnold published his "Discourses in America." That important work was among the fruits of his first tour in the United States. The interesting book now before us is also the outcome of its author's first visit to America; and we imagine it will appeal to an even larger audience than did either his early sketch of Stratford-on-Avon or his monumental *Life of Shakespeare*. For here you have an epitome of the chief activities, mental or physical, of our golden age: these six men display, in their own persons, all the more prominent characteristics of the Renaissance. In More you have the lawyer, the scholar, the philosopher, but also the adherent of the old religion even unto death: the Oxford Lord High Chancellor; in Bacon the time-server of genius, the magnificent prose-writer, the impassioned and sincere man of science: the Cambridge Lord High Chancellor. The other four men are all poets: two of the highest rank, each to be reckoned with. Raleigh and Sidney are first of all men of action: the former—soldier, courtier, empire-builder, man of science, writer of verse and prose; the latter—soldier, courtier, also a writer of verse and prose. Spenser is surely a poet condemned to waste much of his life as a politician; and Shakespeare, actor, playwright and poet, has, in Dumas père's fine phrase, "after God, created most." In the two chapters devoted to Shakespeare Mr. Lee has steered his course between the Scylla and Charybdis of the two extreme schools of critics. He is neither one of those who, taking Ben Jonson's "little Latin and less Greek" literally, see in our poet an inspired child of nature; nor is he of the school of Mr. Churton Collins, who finds in the author of "Hamlet" a man profoundly versed in classical literature. Probably a good Latin scholar and a linguist of no mean accomplishment, Shakespeare, endowed with marvellous assimilative power, was, according to his latest biographer, capable of absorbing and recasting much, if not all, of the general culture then so widely diffused. That he was not an exact scholar is shown by instances: in classical subjects he makes precisely those mistakes impossible to a finished scholar. "Hyperion to a satyr," he says, where the four syllables of the sun-god's name contain as many false quantities. An ardent patriot—and it would have been difficult for any Englishman aged four-and-twenty in 1588 to be otherwise—he is no bigoted one. No traveller abroad and guilty of geographical blunders; he is profoundly interested in foreign life and literature, especially in that of Italy—the earliest home of the new-birth.

The praise of Shakespeare, indeed, runs like a golden thread throughout the book. Not that the other subjects are neglected, for their interest is sensibly enhanced

thereby. For instance, when speaking of the "Arcadia" the author mentions how Sidney's tale of "an unkind king" suggested the incident of Gloucester and his sons in "King Lear"; and under Bacon he takes the opportunity of administering the wonted rebuff to those obstinate heretics who think Shakespeare spells St. Albans.

The appreciations and summaries of the various works noticed in the book are, as one would expect, masterly. The "Utopia"; Sidney's sonnets known as "Astrophel and Stella"; his "Apologie for Poetrie"; his "Arcadia," with its strange adventures interspersed with love lyrics; Raleigh's magnificent "History of the World"; Spenser's "Faerie Queene" and his shorter poems; Bacon's "Novum Organum," "Essays" and "New Atlantis"—these are all vividly brought before us. There is no lack of variety, too, in the lives. We have More as both student and statesman, and perhaps a little too much is made of the so-called paradox of his career. At first sight the lofty communism and tolerance of "Utopia" seem inconsistent with his rigid obedience to Papal Rome. But men are at best inconsistent, especially Christians perhaps, and a man may die for a cause even though his intellect in its calmer moments may doubt its excellence—witness Falkland. Of Sidney, the English Marcellus, an admirable account is given. With regard to his "Astrophel" Mr. Lee here continues a subject he has made peculiarly his own—the study of Elizabethan sonnets. Referring to Sidney's famous "Apology" he pays a just tribute to Shelley, who, in his "Defence of Poesy," consciously follows the elder poet, whom he mistakenly, as it turns out, supposed to be actually akin to him in the flesh. The pathetic history of Raleigh gives the author the opportunity for writing a superb account of the beginnings of colonial enterprise, the foundation of an empire overseas to balance or supersede that of the arch-enemy Spain. Spenser and Bacon are both elaborately treated. The book is beautifully produced, furnished with an elaborate index, chronological table, analysis of contents and six portraits, of which the frontispiece, Oliver's miniature of Sidney, the Huth Holbein of More and Lord Kinnoull's "Spenser" are the best.

A. R. BAYLEY.

### REGULATIONS.

WE shall give, until further notice, a monthly prize, value £1 1s., for the best criticism of a specified book. The prize will take the form of a £1 1s. subscription to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Circulating Library. In the case of any prize-winner living too far from the nearest branch of this library, or for any other good reason not desiring to subscribe to it, the subscription will be transferred to another library, to be chosen by the prize-winner. If already a subscriber to a library, the guinea will run from end of present subscription or be added to it at once. The prize-winner will be sent an order on the library selected, a cheque for £1 1s. being forwarded with proper notification to the proprietors. The winning criticism will be printed, with the writer's name, in THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE. Style and independence of view will be chiefly taken into account in awarding the prize. We need not remind competitors that they are not called upon to buy the selected books, but can obtain them from a library.

### RULES.

1. The criticism must not exceed eight hundred words or be less than five hundred.
2. All communications must be addressed to "The Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C."
3. The Editor's judgment in awarding the prize must be considered final.
4. The MS. must be clearly written by hand, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
5. No competitor can win the prize more than once in three months. In case a previous prize-winner sends in the best criticism, his (or her) paper will be printed, the prize going, however, to the next best sent in by a non-prize-winner.
6. The competition coupon must be filled in and sent with the MS. (See page 2 of Cover.)



## SUBJECT FOR THIRD COMPETITION

JAPAN, AN ATTEMPT AT INTERPRETATION. By Lafcadio Hearn. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

*Competitors' MSS. must reach this office not later than January 16.*

## The New Writers' Column

### Side-Walks of Genius

SOME months ago there appeared in "The Studio" a short but enthusiastic appreciation of Victor Hugo as an etcher, several of his sketches and etchings being reproduced. Apart from their undoubted technical and imaginative power, these drawings had a special interest for literary students in that they threw a valuable side-light on Hugo's own personality; in every line of them one felt the touch of the Poet of Romance.

That the revelation of personality is not the least among the many delights Art can afford is a dictum at no time more conspicuous than to-day, supplying as it does the keynote to most modern criticism. So that when a great genius endeavours to express himself in some art other than the one with which he is usually identified he often gives us glimpses of hitherto unobserved traits of character, or at the least he emphasises and affords us a fuller view of features already made manifest. Since, also, each art has the power to influence emotions to which no other art has access—in brief, is a language in itself—the man who can speak, however imperfectly, in more than one tongue has obviously a wider range of influence and greater opportunity of making his genius articulate. But "Art is long, life short," and few men have exercised equal facility in alien arts. The names of Blake and Rossetti, of course, occur to one; whether they were poets who painted or painters who wrote poetry the critics have not yet decided. Many men, however, have for their pleasure or for more serious reasons worked in an alien art, and the result is always fascinating, if not intrinsically valuable; often, also, it influences our judgment on their other work.

Take Lord Leighton, for example. It is easy to dismiss his pictures as merely—charming. But one turns to them after reading his "Academy Discourses" with a feeling almost of reverence for the passionate pursuit of the beautiful in everything, the intellectual force, the truly magnificent culture, which—so modestly that the superficial critic missed them altogether—lay behind the grace and refinement apparent to every one. Or take another instance. How much easier it is to understand and sympathise with Ruskin in his most ruthless denunciations of modern city life when one has seen the loving care with which he would draw every leaf and flower and pebble and grass on a little patch of earth by a brook-side, lingering over every detail in an enthusiasm of admiration only equalled by the passionate scorn he pours on those who care not for such joys.

It is easy to multiply instances. Michelangelo as poet, Dr. John Brown and Kipling as pen-draughtsmen, Whistler as letter-writer and pamphleteer—there are scores of interesting studies lying ready to the hand of an able writer. They would, if serving no more serious purpose, at least afford sufficient opportunity for pleasant gossip concerning the ways of men of genius.

J. FRANK HORRABIN.

### REGULATIONS.

We will consider carefully any article sent in to us, in length not more than 500 words, if guaranteed by the writer that no composition of his (or hers) has ever been printed or published in any journal, magazine or other publication, or in book form, and if the article is suitable to the pages of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE and of sufficient merit, we will print it in THE NEW WRITERS' COLUMN, sending the writer a cheque in accordance with our usual rate of payment. The article must be signed with the author's full name. We must trust to the contributors' sense of honour not to abuse our confidence.

### RULES.

1. The article may be on any subject of literary, art, or antiquarian interest; freshness of subject, of treatment and style will chiefly influence the acceptance of any article.
2. The length of the article must not exceed five hundred words.
3. MS. must be written clearly, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
4. The Editor cannot enter into any correspondence regarding this column.
5. If contributors desire their MSS. to be returned in case of their not being printed, stamps must be sent for this purpose.
6. No MS. will be considered that is not accompanied by the writer's full name and address and an intimation that the writer is qualified to write for the *New Writers' Column*.
7. All communications must be addressed to the Editor, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.; the envelope being marked "N. W. C." on top left-hand corner.
8. The Editor will not hold himself responsible for any lost MS.; a duplicate copy should be kept by the writer.
9. Each MS. must have attached to it the competition coupon (given on one of the cover pages).

"For all the adorers of Shakespeare the complete performance of 'King Lear' that Antoine is preparing will be one of the most considerable events in the history of the theatre of France." So wrote M. Maeterlinck in the "Figaro" a few days before the first performance of "King Lear," by M. Antoine, in Paris. The production has a peculiar interest from the fact that France, as compared with Germany, has shown scant appreciation of the English dramatist. With the exception of Victor Hugo, who imagined that he saw in Shakespeare qualities similar to his own, the French critics have found his genius too wild and chaotic for their own scrupulous æstheticism. It was, no doubt, this element of untrammelled naturalism that particularly commended the play to M. Antoine and his realistic school of actors, who played the tragedy straight through from beginning to end, omitting nothing. This is the real way of representing Shakespeare.

FAMILIAR LONDON. Painted by Rose Barton. (Black, 20s. net.) The colour pictures in this volume are delightful, quite the best three-colour work we have yet seen, and quite admirable as pictures of familiar London. The magic and the mystery of metropolitan streets are seen by few and are reproduced by still fewer, but in these pictures they are both present. No lover of London can afford to be without this charming book.

A FIT OF HAPPINESS AND OTHER ESSAYS, FROM "THE SPECTATOR." By Cecil Gray. (Stock, 5s.) It has been said that the only adequate excuse nowadays for essay writing is brilliancy of style or originality of thought. Mr. Gray, it is true, cannot lay claim to any great extent to either of these qualities, yet these score and one essays of his are perceptibly above the mediocre, and can be read, in instalments, without ennui. From the point of view of the general reader the most unpromising feature of the book is its "stiff Puritan backbone," but this will no doubt give it an added attraction to the serious and conservative audience for whom it is obviously intended. The range of subjects is not very wide, being limited for the most part to the problems suggested by the present conditions of social life to a reflective mind. The essays on "Shakespeare and the Celtic Spirit," "Fools," "Memory and Individuality," "The Decay of Faithfulness," stand out from the rest, but the best piece of writing in the book is to be found in "Castles in the Air."

## "Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published. Questions must NOT be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

### COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

## Questions

### SHAKESPEARE.

THE SONNETS.—Mr. Mackay, in his "Memorials of a Literary Life," records a conversation at Mr. Rogers' breakfast table in which Dr. Milman says: "His (Shakespeare's) sonnets were published surreptitiously, without his consent. Probably one half of them were not written by him; some of them were undoubtedly by Marlowe, and others by men of far inferior ability." Is there any other authority for these statements?—David White.

"TIMON OF ATHENS."—Was "Timon of Athens" an original conception of Shakespeare's brain, or was the character moulded from Plutarch, who first introduced it into fiction? It appears from the play to be a decided exposition of human ingratitude, evolved from Shakespeare's own experience of life.—Bracondale.

"THE Taming of the Shrew."—Petruchio. "Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?" (II. i. 254). Is Katherine supposed to be lame? As Petruchio's speech is all ironical, it would seem that she is, and such a defect would account for her shrewish temper. Horatio says that she is beautiful; her only fault that she is curst. But it is to his interest to make the best of her, and he might not mention her lameness, to which, however, there seems to be no other reference.—E. C. Channer (Northampton).

### LITERATURE.

"THE ISLAND OF RUBIES."—A boy's magazine called "The Boy's Athenaeum" was published in weekly parts from January to March, 1875, I think, by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Tyler. The publication ceased suddenly. A tale called "The Island of Rubies, a Romance of Pantomime Time," by Valentine Durrant (dramatised by the author), ran through the published numbers. Is there any means of getting hold of the completed story? Is Valentine Durrant still living? If so, what is his address? Reference to the firm who now represent Ward, Lock & Tyler in Paternoster Row has failed to elicit any information about the author, and only a suggestion that "The Boy's Athenaeum" was compiled from a stock of old MSS. in the possession of the publishers, and bought from them with other stock on the transferring of business, &c.—W. P. le F. (Bulawayo).

SMUGGLING.—Where are the best accounts of smuggling as practised in Great Britain to be found? In novels, or in actual histories of the practice, or in both?—P.C. (Elgin).

CAREDIGION.—In an article on the visit of the King and Queen of Portugal to England I came across the following passage: "A King and Queen, though their realm were no bigger than Caredigion after the Flood, are still hedged with kingship." Can any one tell me anything about Caredigion?—M.A.C.

KEITAL.—What is the meaning of the word *keitai* in Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "The Fourfold Aspect"?—

And his strong heart, half immortal,  
Met the *keitai* with a cry.

The context and Mrs. Browning's custom suggest that the word is Greek, but I have failed to find *keitai* in any edition of Liddell and Scott.—Zetes.

KEY TO "COMINGSETT" WANTED.—Can any of your readers tell me who were Rigby, Taper, Tadpole, &c., in Disraeli's novel? Is the description given by Disraeli (who was never at a public school) of life at Eton fairly accurate? On what grounds does he describe Pitt (I presume it is Pitt he means) as "the last of Tory statesmen," who in "his latter years had been forced . . . to relinquish Toryism" (BK. II. Ch. I.). I had imagined that Pitt's early days were the days of his pseudo-Whig sympathies. Can Disraeli mean that Pitt's abandonment of his free trade doctrines was an abandonment of (historical) Tory principles? Or that the militarism into which Pitt was forced in his latter days was at variance with the true faith of Toryism (the Whigs having been the "patriotic" or war party in the reigns of Anne and the first two Georges)? Again, he says that the "capital feasts" (of Castlereagh, &c., at the Congress of Vienna) "were the creation of two kingdoms, both of which are already [1844] erased from the map of Europe." I can remember no kingdom created at the time except the Kingdom of the Netherlands, which was divided rather than "erased from the map" in 1830. The restoration of the legitimist Bourbons could hardly be called a "creation," nor their downfall, followed by the accession of Louis Philippe, an "erasure."—D.

LES DROITS D'AUBAINE.—In Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," Page 1, Chap. I., there is a note explaining that "all the effects of strangers (Swiss and Scots excepted) dying in France are seized, by virtue of this law (*droits d'aubaine*), though the heir be upon the spot; the profit of these contingencies being farmed, there is no redress." What was this law, and why were Scots and Swiss exempted?—F.S.

"SATAN" MONTGOMERY.—On a bookstall the other day I came across a bound volume of an old review, called "The Literary Gazette." On the first page Robt. Montgomery's "Satan" is reviewed. The writer seemed to be of opinion that Montgomery as a poet was second only to Milton—if not equal to him. Can any one who may have read "Satan" say whether, in his opinion, it fully deserved the castigation given to it by Macaulay? Also any information about "The Literary Gazette"—name of editor, &c. I have an idea that I have heard that Mr. Morley edited a periodical of that name, but of course that would be much later than the date (1830) of the volume I have seen.—R. Dartle.

"DEGENERATION" AND "REGENERATION."—After the publication of Max Nordau's "Degeneration," a work called "Regeneration" was published anonymously as a counterblast. Some paragraphists asserted that Herbert Spencer was the author. As I believe the book is not mentioned in Spencer's "Autobiography," it may be presumed that the journalists were in the wrong. Can any one say who the author was, who originated the report as to Spencer's authorship, and whether the work itself had any merits—literary or scientific—such as might justify an enterprising journalist in attributing it to Spencer?—Rosa Dartle.

HAWTHORNE.—It seems a greater pity that an accomplished worker with the hand should perish prematurely, than a person of great intellect; because intellectual arts may be cultivated in the next world, but not physical ones. The above quotation recently appeared in a contemporary, who attributed it to Nathaniel Hawthorne. Can any one say in which of his works the passage appears? Did Hawthorne really believe this theory to be true?—Wearmouth.

ELEPHANT AND TORTOISE.—In his "Principles of Church Reform," Dr. Arnold, speaking of Protestant disbelief in Scriptural infallibility, says: "Though the elephant might still rest upon the tortoise, and the tortoise on the stone," &c. To what old legend is he referring?—G. Verney.

AUTHORS WANTED.—Where are these lines to be found, and who wrote them?

And oily friars, confined in gloomy cloisters,  
Pamper their lust with flaky cod and oysters.—Bivalvus.

Who is the author of the following verses, and where can they be found?

Ah, leave me not, dear Heart, so soon  
To lonely thoughts and weary sighs;  
The night is young, the silvery moon  
Hath scarce yet climbed the Southern skies;  
Tell me again Love's Rosary  
Of sweet words low and soft,  
A thousand times it could not be  
By thy lips told too oft.

Ah, leave me not! With thee away,  
Sad thoughts of ill my heart affright,  
And pleasure scorns the fairest day  
Until thy presence makes it bright.  
'Tis but a moment since we met,  
So, sweetheart, bide a wee,  
And in thy love let me forget  
The parting soon to be.—W. P. le F. (Bulawayo).

I should like to know from what source the following lines are derived:

Who had on Baiae's shore reclined at ease  
While Tasso's page was floating in a breeze  
That gave soft music from Armida's bowers,  
Mingled with fragrance from her rarest flowers.—East Yorks.

### GENERAL.

"SESSION OF OYER AND TERMINER AND GAOL DELIVERY."—Is this legal phrase, in use in 1780, obsolete or not?—W. L. Harle (Falsfield).

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.—Where can I find a brief description of English Parliamentary procedure?—Dorn (Vienna).

ST. LEGER.—How did the Frankish bishop, St. Leodegar, come to give his name to the race of the St. Leger?—H. W. W. (Burdett Road).

INDICT.—Is this the correct spelling? In Johnson's Dictionary I find the word spelt (1) indict, (2) endite, (3) endict, and all these are bracketed together. Can any one select the most correct?—D. Davies (Winchester).

JNO FOR JOHN.—What is the history and explanation of the transposition of letters in the much-used abbreviation "Jno" for "John"? Does any analogous transposition exist?—W. P. le F. (Bulawayo).

"M.B." WAISTCOAT.—Why is a "clerical" waistcoat called a "Mark of the Beast" (or "M.B.") waistcoat, and by whom was the term first applied? (George Eliot mentions it in "Middlemarch").—T.B. (Brentford).

A MENU IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.—The following order for the supply of the Lady Lucy's table, by command of Henry VIII., was found among letters and State papers, compiled by L. Howard, D.D. (1758): ". . . Item, At dyner, a pece of beyf, a stroke of roste and a rewarde at our said kechyn, a coat of chete bread at our pantrye barr, and a gallon of ale at our buttrye barr. Item. At after none, a manchet at our pantrye barr, and half a gallon of ale at our buttrye barr. . . . Can any one tell me what is meant by "a rewarde at our said kechyn," a "coat of chete bread," and a "manchet"? They seem to have had five meals in the day then, the last being called "after-supper."—W. L. Harle (Falsfield).

WILD FIRE.—What was the origin of the expression "to spread like wild fire"? What was wild fire?—H. L. Puzley (Goring-on-Thames).

NEWGATE.—There has been a scheme much talked of for pulling down this gaol, and rebuilding it in a stronger and more commodious manner. June, 1758. Was this scheme ever put into execution?—W. L. Harle (Falsfield).

MARCH 25TH.—In what respects was March 25th the commencement of the legal year? (up to 1752). For how many years prior to Pepys was it usual to write the date thus: March 24th, 1663-4.  
March 25th, 1664.

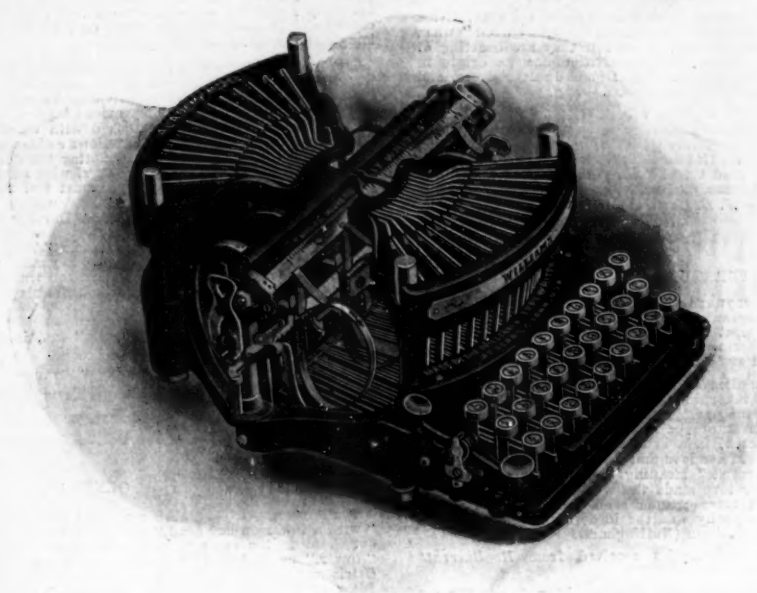
as we find it in the "Diary," or is this the Editor's method only? For how many years was March 25 the first day of the year?—W. P. le F. (Bulawayo).

THEOBALDS AND NONSUCH.—Do these palaces still exist?—W. L. Harle (Falsfield).

HOLLY BOY AND IVY GIRL.—While staying at Ashford, in Kent, last Christmas, I witnessed a peculiar game, which struck me as being the survival of some ancient rite. A party of boys made a rude figure, decorated with holly, while a party of girls made a similar figure, dressed with ivy. These were known as the "Holly Boy" and "Ivy Girl." The game then was for the



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girls to steal the boys' figure, and the boys the girls' figure. Finally both effigies were burnt, the girls throwing salt on the fire, and the boys pieces of raw meat, and both boys and girls intoning a weird incantation, the words of which I could not make out. Can any one inform me as to the origin and meaning of this strange custom?—*Lady Reader* (Sunderland).

**TOUCH WOOD.**—Do any of your readers know the origin of the superstition "touching wood"? Many people use the expression "I touch wood" when they speak of some unusual good fortune, or even if they are boasting of very good health. Is it possible that the superstition has its origin in the ancient tree-worship, or rather the belief that gods dwell in trees, and that by touching wood their protection was invoked.—*M.S.*

**QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LUTENIST.**—On November 3, 1778, "according to septennial custom, the tomb of Tho. Fletcher, who was lutenist to Queen Elizabeth, was opened in the Abbey Church (Bath), and the bodies of him and his wife exposed to such as had tickets to enter the church, during the hours of one and two. . . . It is said that he gave directions in his will to be thus exposed at certain stated times." Has the tomb been opened in a like manner during the last century?—*W. L. Harle* (Falfield).

## Answers

### LITERATURE.

**NICIAN BARKS.**—"The weary wayworn wanderer" was Ulysses, who embarked from Calypso's ever-fragrant bowers in Ogygia, for Ithaca; see Homer's "Odyssey," book xiii. But Nician means victorious, and the seamen were Phœacians from Scheria. Calypso's island of "Ogygia," the Phœacians, and Scheria are still mythical.—*A. Hall.*

**"PAOLO AND FRANCESCA."**—Like *M.A.M.* I have often wondered what connection the line "O, and that bluer blue, that greener green!" in Mr. Stephen Phillips' play has with the passage preceding it. The conclusion I have come to is that there is meant to be a pause at the end of the line before it, and that then Francesca, in a sudden burst of emotion at the thought of the depth and beauty of her love and Paolo's, cries out, "O, and that bluer blue, that greener green!" meaning that when she and Paolo were together the magic of their love made the whole world appear more beautiful, the sky bluer, and the trees greener than ever before. I should much like to know whether this really was the idea in the author's mind when he wrote the passage.—*Engländerin* (Nottingham).

**MRS. MARSH, NOVELIST.**—Further replies received from *R. Sherratt* (Stoke-on-Trent) and *M.M.R.* (Luton).

**ON SAUTE, ON CRIE.**—The rendering given of above (Nov. 19) is not yet correct. The lines as I have read them are:

On saute, on crie,  
Et c'est la vie;  
On bâille, on sort.  
Et c'est la mort.—*H.D.B.*

**BARNHAM'S RIDDLE.**—The answering of the above question is hazardous, the subject being extremely delicate, and its orthography deficient. Still, there it lies in verse 23, lacking somewhat, like the cherub who, when asked to sit down, regretted that he had not "de quoi"—*R.B.*

**MEAL AND GLORY.**—The correct reference is to Voltaire, who says, of *Le Roi de Prusse*: "Couvert de Gloire et de Farine." In "Punch," March 15, 1879, the phrase is happily applied to Bromhead and Chard and their band of Rorke's Drift heroes:

Those lads o' the Twenty-fourth,  
Who beat back the Zulu,  
Covered, like Frits, came forth  
With meal and glory too.

Richard of Cornwall, or the King of Alemagne, by no means covered himself with glory. I do not think that the phrase in question has any direct association with his fiasco. The satirical verses referred to in Green's "Short History," Ch. III. Sect. VII., are printed at length in Wright's "Political Songs" and in Percy's "Reliques." If you can afford space for the following extract it may interest those curious in such matters:

The Kyng of Alemaigne wende do fulwel,  
He saisede the mulne for a castel,  
With hare sharpe awerdes he grounde the stel,  
He wende that the sayles were mangonel  
to helpe Wyndesore.

The Kyng of Alemaigne gederede ya host,  
Makede him a castel of a mulne pcst,  
Wende with is prude ant is nucheles host,  
Brohte from Alemayne moni sori gost  
to store Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,  
trichen shalt thou never more.

The use of a mill as a conning-tower by Edward III. at Crecy may perhaps be noted for the sake of association.—*A. G. Turner.*

**"UPSEE GIPSY."**—"Upsee" evidently means "fashion" ('tis gipsy fashion), and also intoxication.

I do not like the fulness of your eye;  
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis "upsee Dutch."

Scott also has "upsees":

Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor  
Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar.

The etymology is probably op-syn-Deutsch=with Dutch fashion.—*M. M. Dobrée.*

**UPSEE GIPSY.**—I have never heard of "upsee Gipsy," but since a baby I have heard "upsee dandy lin," a kind of *See-saw*, *Margery Daw*, used by nurses while jumping children up and down in their arms.—*G. Weldon.*

**UPSEE GIPSY.**—The "Century Dictionary" gives *upsee-Dutch* (also *upsee Dutch*, *upsee-Dutch*) as meaning, in the Dutch, i.e. German, fashion or manner, derived from *D. op, upon*, in: *Zijn=G. sein*, his, its; *Duitach*, Dutch, i.e. German. Compare *upsee-English*, in the English manner; *upsee-Friesch*, in the Friesian manner. *Upsee-gipsy* is not given, but on the analogy of the above one would suppose it to mean in the Gipsy fashion. The "Century Dictionary" also mentions that *upsee* has been conjectured to mean "a kind of heady beer," qualified by the name of the place where it was brewed.—*M.A.C.*

**THE EGG.**—The egg in some Eastern symbolisms stands for the world, in others for the soul. This shape appears in the earliest schemes of creation.

After reading "They" I was speaking of this, and my mother told me that as a child she always thought of her soul as egg-shaped. In her idea it was white and luminous, and shot with the faintest, most opalescent hues. This corresponds with the colours mentioned in "They." It would be interesting to know if others have experienced the same idea of the soul, and if so, if the early use of the shape as symbolising sometimes the world, in figures of creation, and sometimes the soul, could be traced in any way with this imagination?—*H. Pearl Humphry.*

**THE EGG.**—About a year ago there was an illustrated article on this subject in "Bibby's Quarterly." The writer stated that there are pseudo-psychologists who believe that every individual is surrounded by a vaporous egg-shaped emanation, whose colour varies with the temperament and deeds of the owner. The article was embellished with weird coloured diagrams, whose tints ranged from the pinks and yellows emblematic of purity of purpose, to the lurid purples and crimsons connoting the deadly sins. Fortunately, the power to see these parti-coloured eggs, with all their spiritual significance, is confined to a few geniuses, who must feel the strain of perpetual compulsion to diagnose their neighbors' moods from the chromatic riot associated with each.—*S. King Aleck* (Burslem).

**AUTHORS FOUND.**—The lines beginning "They reared no trophy o'er his grave" are from a poem by Felicia Hemans, called "The Troubadour." [It is included among select passages for translation into Latin lyric and elegiac verse in Part II. of "Foliorum Silvula," by the late Hubert Ashton Holden, M.A.]—*M.A.C.*

"Father, no prophet's laws I seek," &c., is from Byron's poem entitled "The Prayer of Nature."—*M. M. Dobrée.*

The author of the poem beginning "Strange the world about me lies" is Mr. William Watson, and the poem may be found—under the title "World Strangeness"—in either "Poems" (1892) or the small volume of selections published last year.—*E.K.L.* (Hoylake).

[Similar replies received from John Osbourne and H.F.F.]

### GENERAL.

**THE AURORE.**—It has been remarked that Cybele was always represented "with a tower on her head," and "the Virgin Mary's position as mother of our Lord is the same." Hereon it is of interest to remember that the "tower," or *turret*, as an aureole originated in Egypt. Isis, as wife of Osiris and mother of Horus, dominated their theology; she was called, like Rhea or Cybele, "mother of the gods," also "Queen of Heaven," like Astarte or Ashtoreth.—*A.H.*

**QUEEN VICTORIA.**—I find from the "Annual Register" for 1837 that the Queen was proclaimed Alexandrina Victoria the First, but that she was spoken of at the time as Queen Victoria. Thus the order for the State services issued on June 21, 1837, the day after the accession of the Queen, and signed by Lord J. Russell as Home Secretary, is headed Victoria R., as may be seen in any Prayer-book of the Queen's reign.—*H.B.F.* (Hastings).

**QUEEN ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA.**—It is a fact that her late Majesty was proclaimed as "H.R.M. Alexandrina Victoria, Queen," &c., and in all the official documents which were prepared on the first day of her reign she was so designated. Her Majesty, however, signed the register at the first meeting of the Privy Council as "Victoria" only, and signified her wish to be so called. Papers were hastily substituted omitting her first name, and from the second day of her reign she was known solely as Queen Victoria.—*Thos. Jones* (Oldham).

**WELL-A-DAY.**—More correctly *Wellaway*. From Mid. Eng. *weilaway*; also *wa la wa*. It stands for *wei la wei* or *wa la wa*. Angl. Sax. *wé lá wé*, lit. wol lo! wol Angl. Sax. *wé, wo; lá, lo; wé, wo*. Early misunderstood and turned into *Wellaway* and *Welladay*. "I hav hem don dishonour, *weylaway*" Chaucer, "Troilus and Criseyde," 1066.—*M.A.C.*

**LUKE'S LITTLE SUMMER.**—There is a slight misconception here, for the so-called summer has a beginning and an end, connected with two distinct names. Thus, St. Luke the Evangelist is commemorated on October 18, while St. Martin of Tours is commemorated on November 11; and, as dates vary and local sympathies differ, this belated summer, called *gossamer*, is divided betwixt both Saints' names.—*A. Hall.*

**"SENT TO COVENTRY."**—The origin of the phrase has been the subject of many ingenious conjectures. The "New English Dictionary" gives the two following quotations, the former of which it considers to be the more likely source of the saying: 1647. Clarendon Hist. Reb. vi. § 83. At Bromigham, a town so generally wicked that it had risen upon small parties of the King's, and killed or taken them prisoners and sent them to Coventry [then strongly held for the Parliament]. 1681. Baxter Reliq. Bax. i. 1 (1696) 44. Thus when I was at Coventry the Religious part of my Neighbours at Kidderminster that would fain have lived quietly at home, were forced . . . to be gone, and to Coventry they came.—*A.R.B.* (Malvern).

**SENT TO COVENTRY.**—This is a military term. The citizens of Coventry had at one time so great a dislike to soldiers that a woman seen speaking to one was instantly tabooed. No intercourse was ever allowed between the garrison and the town; hence when a soldier was sent to Coventry he was cut off from all social intercourse. Hutton, however, in his "History of Birmingham," gives a different version. He says that Coventry was a stronghold of the Parliamentary party in the Civil Wars, and that all troublesome and refractory Royalists were sent there for safe custody.—*H.M.W.* (Manchester).

[Further replies received from Mrs. Herbert Jenner and H.C.W.]

**"WANNES!"**—This exclamation would appear to be a corruption of "God's wounds!" of which "Zounds!" is another form. But this is merely conjecture. There is something in the sound of "Wannes!" which to me denotes apprehension, genuine or ironical. I have often, in America, heard boys exclaim "Wow!" somewhat mockingly at a petty disaster or sudden disturbance.—*J.C.L.C.* (Lancaster, Mass., U.S.A.).

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